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VERDICT OF "GUILTY" IN SQUIRE SCHENCK CASE

Jury Convicts for Forgery in Bounty Probates.

MOTION FOR NEW TRIAL

Howard Justice of Peace Won Verdict in First Case Tried but Lost Out on Second—Penalty is Prison Term if Appeal Fails.

The jury in the bounty fraud case brought in a verdict shortly before midnight last Saturday night finding Squire Schenck, of Howard, guilty. Counsel for Squire Schenck have filed a motion for a new trial. Just when this will be disposed of is contingent on how long it will be until the testimony of the recent trial is transcribed, when argument will be made before the Court and just when the Court rules in the matter. Squire Schenck was declared guilty of forgery in issuing a bounty probate for Paul Wagner, of Howard, in which instance Merrill Long, also of Howard, figured as a witness to the document. This was the second charge against Squire Schenck to be tried. In the first trial, with forgery also alleged and Ralph and Henry Weaver, of Howard, figuring in the issuing of a bounty probate, a verdict of not guilty was returned.

The verdict of guilty in the second trial marked the climax to a case that was bitterly fought from start to finish by both sides and that continued from Thursday afternoon until late Saturday afternoon. The jury retired some time after 4 o'clock and it was well toward midnight when the verdict was announced. Comparatively few persons were aware that the jury had come to a conclusion on the case. The Court House bell was not rung and a mere handful of persons were present when the jury filed in. The public generally did not learn of the verdict until Sunday.

Should the motion for a new trial be refused, and should an appeal be denied to the Superior Court and this be denied, Squire Schenck would face a term of imprisonment in the County Jail or the western penitentiary, the maximum period of which would be five years.

The case was one that abounded in legal technicalities, some of which may figure in the proceedings to be instituted on behalf of Squire Schenck. The actual importance of numerous objections raised and exceptions filed by counsel for Squire Schenck during the progress of the trial will, of course, not be made manifest until the lower and possibly the higher Court passes on the matter. Frederick J. Shoyer, of Philadelphia, a special Deputy Attorney General, conducted the prosecution for District Attorney Furst. William G. Rankle and Gettig & Bower represented Squire Schenck. The universal opinion was that the case was handled in a masterly way both for and against the defendant.

While the case actually was founded upon but one bounty probate, that in which Paul Wagner and Merrill Long figured as principal and witness, a dozen other certificates of probate were submitted and were examined by the jury. In the Wagner and Long instance, it was charged that Squire Schenck had probated a certificate for a gray fox that was in fact mythical. Wagner swore that there was no such fox. So did Long. Wagner swore that on upward of fifteen occasions bounty probates had been "raised", the money duly collected from the County and later divided with Squire Schenck. Denying this charge Squire Schenck passed it off by saying that Wagner and Long had no cause to be unfriendly toward him but that each would "swear to anything for a couple of dollars." As to several others who swore on the stand that the probate certificates called for more weasels, horned owls or fox pelts than they actually witnessed, Squire Schenck expressed the belief on the stand that they were "mistaken."

It was just before the conclusion of the taking of testimony that there occurred an incident that created more or less doubt in the minds of spectators whether the case would be terminated suddenly. One of the probate certificates set forth that James Briggs had produced the pelts of six weasels. David L. Welch, of Howard, the witness to the probate, testified that he had seen but one weasel pelt. Mr. Briggs was being cross-examined and was stoutly asserting that he had actually produced six weasels when Mr. Shoyer fired at the witness a question that counsel for Squire Schenck claimed was sufficient cause for with-

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How Scalps Were Probated.

EXHIBIT No. 1
December 23, 1914. Paul Wagner of Howard—Three weasels and one gray fox. Witness Merrill Long. Amount collected \$8. Commonwealth claimed no such fox existed.

EXHIBIT No. 2
November 30, 1914. Paul Wagner of Howard—Two gray foxes and two weasels. Witness Philip C. Holter. Amount collected \$8. Commonwealth claimed no such foxes existed.

EXHIBIT No. 3
September 19, 1914. Paul Wagner and Merrill Long of Howard—Six weasels. Witness Philip C. Holter. Amount collected \$12. Commonwealth claimed not more than two weasels.

EXHIBIT No. 4
August 26, 1914. Paul Wagner and Fred Heickel of Howard—Six weasels. Witness Philip C. Holter. Amount collected \$12. Commonwealth claimed altered as to number.

EXHIBIT No. 5
November 3, 1914. Paul Wagner of Howard—Four weasels and four horned owls. Witness M. W. Long (Merrill Long) Amount collected \$10. Commonwealth claimed no horned owls.

EXHIBIT No. 6
January 5, 1915. Paul Wagner of Howard—Two weasels and one horned owl. Witness Merrill Long. Amount collected \$4.50. Commonwealth claimed no horned owl.

EXHIBIT No. 7
December 16, 1914. Merrill Long of Howard—Four weasels and one gray fox. Witness Philip C. Holter. Amount collected \$10. Commonwealth claimed no gray fox.

EXHIBIT No. 9
November 27, 1913. James Briggs of Marion Township—Six weasels. Witness David L. Welch. Amount collected \$12. Commonwealth claimed one weasel only.

EXHIBIT No. 11
April 26, 1915. Daniel Strawcutter of Liberty Township. Five weasels. Witness J. W. Hepburn. Amount collected \$10. Commonwealth claimed one weasel only.

EXHIBIT No. 12
April 3, 1915. Robert Conter of Howard—Two weasels. Witness J. W. Hepburn. Amount collected \$4. Commonwealth claimed one weasel only.

EXHIBIT No. 13
January 25, 1915. Harvey Walker of Liberty Township—One wild cat and three gray foxes. Witness Curt Butler. Amount collected \$10. Commonwealth claimed raised as to number of foxes.

EXHIBIT No. 14
August 31, 1914. R. J. Schenck of Curtin—Two weasels. Witness Jono T. Butler. Amount collected \$4. Commonwealth claimed signature of witness forged.

EXHIBIT No. 15
October 29, 1914. R. J. Schenck of Howard—One gray fox, one weasel and two horned owls. Witness Jon T. Butler. Amount collected \$5. Commonwealth claimed signature of witness forged.

EXHIBIT No. 16
December 9, 1914. Thompson Spangler, of Liberty Township—One gray fox and two weasels. Witness Jono T. Butler. Amount collected \$6. This probate offered to prove forgery of signature of witness in Exhibits, No. 14 and 15.

STOLE 4 REVOLVERS

Thief Robbed Gun Case in Miller's Hardware Store Tuesday Night.

Some person who evidently was familiar with the surroundings on Tuesday night broke into Miller's hardware store and stole four revolvers out of a show case. The management of the store and also the police have a pretty good idea as to the identity of the thief and an arrest is likely to follow.

The loot carried away consisted of a 32 calibre revolver with a 6-inch barrel and target stock, blue, in a large Mexican hand-engraved leather holster, also two 32 calibre revolvers and one 22 calibre revolver.

Entrance to the store was gained through a window at the rear. A window glass was first removed and the bolt then pushed back. The thief was sufficiently familiar with the interior of the store to know where to find a cold chisel which he left lying at the show case from which he removed the revolvers.

Fire Brick by Express.

The Penna. Fire Brick Co., at Beech Creek, last Saturday received a telegraphic order for a car load of fire brick from the Allee-Chalmers Co., at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. A large force of men were put to work loading the car, which took thirty minutes. The car was shipped by express Saturday evening and arrived in Milwaukee Monday morning. The express charges alone amounted to \$375.

MR. & MRS. J. H. NEIDIGH HAVE 50TH ANNIVERSARY

Happy Event Celebrated at Home Near State College.

NUMEROUS FINE GIFTS

Bride and Groom of Half-Century Ago are Descendants of Early Settlers of Centre County—Well Known and Highly Esteemed.

Fifty guests were present at the well known Neidigh home near State College Wednesday of last week to aid Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Neidigh celebrated their golden wedding anniversary and the occasion proved to be a most delightful one to all who were so fortunate as to be there. Surrounding the bride and groom whose wedding day was March 1st, 1866, were their children and grandchildren, their pastor Rev. S. C. Stover of Boalsburg and many life-long friends. The parlors of the Neidigh home were prettily decorated and at 11 o'clock in the morning the ring ceremony was solemnized, the obligation feature being omitted, after which Rev. Mr. Stover made a brief but pleasing address in which he congratulated the aged couple on having completed a half-century of married life, sharing each other's joys and sorrows. The children of Mr. and Mrs. Neidigh are Newton C. Jacob D., Mrs. Anna Garner and Mrs. Clyde Fish born, of near State College; Mrs. Curtis Cronmiller, of Patton; Mrs. John Lytle and J. Calvin of Juniata, and Blanche, at home. A son William was killed in a railroad accident some years ago, and another son George died in youth. There are twenty-three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

With the exception of four years, during which time Mr. and Mrs. Neidigh were in Michigan, all of their married life has been spent near where they now reside. Their years have been devoted to farming and they own a splendid farm and a fine dwelling at Struble, where hospitality has always been dispensed with a lavish hand.

The noon hour was the signal for the wedding anniversary guests to retire to the dining room where the tables were laden with choice things to eat. An expert baker had prepared the wedding cake, on which were fifty candles to be lighted by the bride and snuffed out by the grandchildren. The venerable couple were the recipients of numerous gifts, including a purse of money, a handsome victrola from the children, and other appropriate articles.

Mr. and Mrs. Neidigh are of German descent, their ancestors having come from northern Prussia to America about 1700. Solomon Neidigh, great grandfather of John Henry, was born in Berks County August 17, 1744. His son John was born in September, 1775, in the same county, and the latter's son Jacob, father of the subject of this sketch, was born March 25th, 1820, in Harris Township, Centre County, removing to this county in 1848 and passing away in 1908. John Henry was the third child of a numerous family of sons and daughters of which but four survive. His bride was Sara Kustaborder, a daughter of the late George and Katherine Kustaborder. The father Joseph and also Mary Kustaborder came from northern Prussia long before the Revolutionary War and resided in Northampton County, coming to Centre County about 1833 when the State College section was nothing but a vast wilderness. So that both families were pioneer settlers and among the early history makers of the western end of Centre County. In those early days that section now known as Pine Hall was called New Northampton. Many of the first colony of emigrants from Northampton County settled there and subsequently became large landholders, and some of these lands are still in the names of the first holders.

Mr. Neidigh is just past seventy-one years old, while his wife is one year his junior. Both are hale and vigorous and hearty and bid fair to celebrate many more anniversaries of March 1st, 1866. March 1st, 1916, will be a date long to be remembered by the guests.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank Sasserman has issued the following marriage licenses:
James E. Strauser, Phila.
Sarah C. Ott, Bellefonte
Paul C. Spayd, Oak Hall
Mary H. Frankenberger, "

Attorney Vernon J. Danielson will lecture on anti-polygamy in the Court House on the evening of March 16th. There will be no admission fee charged, but an offering will be lifted.

INDEPENDENTS ASSAIL CANDIDACY OF AMBLER

Denounce it as Contractor Government Politics.

ALSO HIT BRUMBAUGH

Governor's Supposed Aspirations for President Criticized Because of His Connection with Vares in Philadelphia.

The opening gun in the fight between Senator Penrose and the Republican State organization on the one side and Governor Brumbaugh and his allied forces on the other was fired in Philadelphia on Monday when the Citizens Republican League issued a broad-side against "contractor government". The attack was aimed not only at the Vares in Philadelphia but also at the candidacy of Speaker Charles A. Ambler, the Vares-Brumbaugh choice for Auditor General, and at Governor Brumbaugh, himself, in his supposed aspirations for the Republican nomination for President. Ambler was held up as a contractor handling State work and his candidacy branded as a move on the part of the Vares to extend the system of "contractor government" into State politics.

The Citizens Republican League was organized some weeks ago by independent Republicans in Philadelphia who in recent years have participated in various campaigns against the Republican organization in that city but who in the present instance have expressed a determination to work with the anti-Vare element in the Philadelphia organization. The statement issued by the league was in part as follows:—

The great duty of the hour for Pennsylvania Republicans is to elect delegates to the National Convention who will go there determined to strive for a reconciled and reunited party, to heal the divisions of the past and unite upon some experienced, self-controlled, resolute American statesman as the party's candidate for President. The Republican platform should be in the hands of a convention composed of men who, in the face of a national crisis in which they are all in accord, can put away other questions upon which they differ. The Republican platform should be molded by men who will declare the principles upon which the country must safeguard its industries when the problems that will follow the war press upon us; who will stand courageously for national preparedness, both industrial and military, and who can be trusted to protect the interests and honor of the country, domestic and foreign. Republican majorities must be placed in both branches of Congress.

The stumbling block to party unity in Pennsylvania is the pernicious system of "contractor government," as exemplified in Philadelphia; the effort to extend it to the State Government, and the furthering, through the influence and the public advocacy of city contractors, of the ambition of the Governor of the Commonwealth to be the Republican party's candidate for President. Such a factional effort must be defeated if independent Republicans are to realize their desire to effectively express their conviction in national issues and at the same time preserve the principles, vital to good government in Philadelphia, for which they have long fought and for which they propose to fight in the future.

To men who are determined to rid Philadelphia of a government by municipal contractors, the candidacy of Charles A. Ambler for an office of such great power as that of Auditor General is objectionable and dangerous. Mr. Ambler is in the contracting business, has been engaged on important State highway contracts, and is in close political relations with the Vares contracting interests. He cannot properly hold a State office where he will pass upon the bills rendered to the Commonwealth by himself and his friends engaged in this business.

However worthy and honorable the ambition to attain the Presidency may be, and however harmless individual "booms" may be under ordinary circumstances, such a movement as is now being projected in this Commonwealth, linked with and largely dependent upon a baneful political principle which is seeking a State-wide influence, furnishes just cause for apprehension. It challenges the Republicanism of Pennsylvania to meet an issue, the decision of which may have a far-reaching effect in city, State and nation.

In this connection the league would be most interested in an expression from Governor Brumbaugh as to his views concerning the propriety of any public official having a contracting interest, di-

rectly or indirectly, in public work, particularly with regard to the great and growing expenditure on highway improvement throughout the State, and the Governor's well-known interest in this subject.

Independent Republicans are as opposed to the domination of a McNicholas of a Vares. But the latter interests are the aggressors now; and, strongly entrenched in the government of Philadelphia, are seeking to extend their influence throughout the State and into the national convention. Neither the Citizens' Republican League nor any of its officers have any alliance with any politicians. The league has planned its own course of action and intends to pursue it. If any of the Republican party leaders in this city or State are in sympathy with it, it will welcome their support and cooperation.

NEW CONCRETE BRIDGE

Penna. Railroad Co. Plans Single Track Structure Over Spring Creek.

According to announcement made at last Monday night's regular meeting of Bellefonte borough Council, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will build a concrete single-track bridge across Spring creek, to replace the old wood trestle that now spans the creek a short distance above the railroad station. Work on the structure will be begun in the near future. The greater part of the construction work will be done away from Bellefonte, the finished spans being shipped here when the abutments are finished. The task of replacing the old bridge with the new one will be one of virtually a few hours.

Mr. Nugent, a Pennsylvania Railroad Company engineer, was in conference on Tuesday morning with members of the borough Council to advise them in regard to the plans for the improvement. The new bridge, it was explained, has been made necessary by the use of the heavier type of locomotives on the Lewisburg & Montandon branch.

On Monday the Pennsylvania Railroad Company installed all-steel coaches on the Lewisburg & Montandon branch. The coaches are similar in every way to those in operation on the main line. This is the first all-steel train scheduled regularly in and out of Bellefonte. The first all-steel coach was built for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at the Altoona shops some years ago. It was tried out on suburban trains on the Philadelphia division and proved to be so satisfactory that all-steel coaches were adopted for the main line trains and since have been gradually extended to the branch lines.

Governor on Local Option.

In support of the State-wide fight for local option, a letter which had been written by Governor Brumbaugh at the request of Rev. Homer W. Tope, district superintendent of the Pennsylvania Anti-Saloon League, was read at a temperance rally in the First Brethren Church, in Philadelphia last Sunday morning, by the pastor of the church, Rev. George D. Kuns. The letter was as follows:

"The good people of Pennsylvania are tremendously aroused over the question of local option and a demand for the enactment of a local option bill can be heard in all of the 67 counties of this Commonwealth. Local option is understood too thoroughly in Pennsylvania to require definition. It is the right of the majority to rule on the question as to whether or not licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquor shall be granted in a community.

"We apply the American principle of majority rule to the election of our public officials. There is no reason why this principle should not be applied to the granting of licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors. The right to grant or refuse liquor licenses should never have been vested in the judiciary; it is not a judicial function; and what is worse it tends to degrade the high office of Judge and to cause the judicial contests throughout the State to degenerate into fights between the pro-liquor and anti-liquor forces.

"The Judges want to be relieved of the duty of passing on liquor licenses, and the people are ready to assume the responsibility. Let us work concertedly for the nomination and election of members to the Legislature who will settle this vexing problem by placing on the statute books of Pennsylvania a county local option law."

Big Fire at Tyrone.

The plant of the Wilson Chemical Co. at Tyrone was destroyed by fire last Saturday afternoon. The loss was \$150,000 partly covered by insurance. One hundred girls were thrown out of employment. The blaze was caused, supposedly, by defective electric wiring. The plant will be rebuilt at once.

JOHN ADAM HAZEL IS SUMMONED BY DEATH

Was Prominent in Public Affairs in County.

ODD FELLOW 35 YEARS

Three Times Elected Jury Commissioner—Also Served as Justice of Peace and School Director—Was Staunch Democrat.

John Adam Hazel, one of Centre County's best known citizens, died last Friday morning at his late home at Axe Mann, aged nearly 75 years. His death was due to dropsy and followed a gradual decline in health. The deceased was born in Madisonburg, a son of the late Michael and Sallie Hazel. On Sept. 25th, 1863, he married Melinda Smith, who survives with the following children: John M., James M., Edwin, Mrs. Rosetta Fleck, of Niagara Falls; B. Frank, of Canada, and George H., of Greensburg. There survive also these brothers and sisters: George W., of Madisonburg; Cornelius, of Pleasant Gap; Mrs. Samuel White and M. Frank, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. Ada Carter, of Goshen, Indiana. Surviving also are 29 grand-children and 7 great-grandchildren. Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock from the Pleasant Gap Methodist Episcopal church. Interment was made at Pleasant Gap.

In politics Adam Hazel was a staunch Democrat and figured more in public affairs than does the average citizen. He was elected a Jury Commissioner three times, resigning in his third term owing to failing health; was a Justice of the Peace in Spring Township several terms and also served for some years as a School Director. He was a member of the Odd Fellows lodge for 35 years, was a resident of Axe Mann for 48 years, and for 50 years was an active member of the Lutheran church.

COUNCIL IN SESSION

North Thomas Street Residents Present Petition for Better Light.

At Monday night's meeting of Bellefonte borough Council residents of North Thomas Street presented a petition requesting additional electric lamps for lighting that street. The petitioners complained that the greater part of the street is in darkness and urged Council to act in the matter at once. The Street Committee was directed to investigate and report at the next meeting.

Burgess Blanchard appeared before Council and read a letter from Governor Brumbaugh urging that Bellefonte Council send representatives to a conference of borough officials to be held at Harrisburg on April 11th and 12th. The aim of the proposed conference is to secure an exchange of views relative to borough needs and how best to meet them. The new borough code adopted by the last Legislature provides that a borough shall pay the traveling and hotel expenses of two members of Council, the burgess and the borough solicitor attending the proposed conference.

Chairman Harris of the Street Committee submitted to Council petitions for State-aid paving for South Water Street and West Bishop Street to the borough line. The State High Department will not authorize the work during the coming summer, according to present plans, but by disposing of the petitions now it is expected they will be first on the list next year.

Council was advised that repairs to the Logan steam fire engine have been completed. Both fire company engines are now in good order which fact will no doubt be reassuring to all residents of the town.

H. B. Kern was reappointed street foreman; Norman Wright, engineer, and William Fredericks, in charge of the road roller for street work during the coming summer. Council received from Centre Hall borough \$98.88 for rental for the road roller.

Borough Treasurer Gehret reported a balance on hand March 1st of \$2475.89. Council authorized renewals for six months at 5% of the following notes: \$1000, \$700, \$2000 and \$800.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Bellefonte postoffice:

Salvatore Azzara, Elrie Cromley, Miss Anna Dean, James Gregg, Melley Heim, Miss Daisy Hoy, L. B. Hull, Mrs. C. E. Keller, A. H. Lehman, Miss Grace Long, Miss Mary McCullough, Oxford College, David Peters, Mrs. Geo. W. Spangler, Peter Sellers, Miss Eva Wallizer.

When called for please say advertised. P. H. Gherity, Postmaster.

HIS CHEF D'OEUVRE

It Gained Him a Reputation Which Profited Him Not

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

George Ashley at twenty-two was an artist with a highly artistic temperament. He had been brought up among women who were of the very best, and he idealized woman in the abstract. Having had nothing to do with others, he knew nothing about them. Indeed, he had his own conceptions of the spiritual beauty of a good woman and knew neither her strong points nor her foibles. Possibly he might have come nearer the composite of an excellent woman had not his associates been very youthful and their characters not entirely formed.

Ashley was ambitious to paint a picture of his ideal of womanhood. He did not care to portray a Madonna; there were already sufficient Madonnas in the world, some of them painted by artists that he could not hope to emulate. He desired to give his ideal the garb of the twentieth century. Of course all depended on his model. His conceptions were like a flock of birds, flying in the air and refusing to remain quiet long enough to be photographed. Genius must have a foundation on which to build, and when the foundation is established there must be a starting point. A novelist who evolved in words one of the great pictures of the world said that he paced the floor for days dreaming it, but had he not finally begun to write his dreams would never have been anything but dreams.

Where was George Ashley to find a woman through whose physical perfection shone this purity that he wished to depict? He was not rich, but had the means to go about looking for his model. This he did. He visited different countries. On the street, in hotels, in public gardens, he was constantly peering into the faces of women he met looking for that which would serve to concentrate his dreams and reduce them to reality. Many a countenance he noticed, thinking that it was the one he wanted, but on examination was found deficient. Friends became interested in his search, and his attention was called by different persons to a number of women who it was supposed might serve his purpose.

The artist while in Florence, Italy, having run short of funds, established a studio for the purpose of keeping in practice and recouping his finances. He soon achieved some reputation as a portrait painter and received orders enough to maintain him and keep him reasonably busy.

One day an American lady and her daughter came in to his studio, the mother saying that he had been recommended to her to paint her daughter's portrait.

If Miss Helen Laurence was not beautiful she was at least comely. Ashley looked at her inquiringly, as he did at all women who might possibly serve his great purpose, but saw nothing in her face to indicate that he had found his model. After an inspection of pictures he had made Mrs. Laurence took him aside and made a bargain with him to make a full length portrait of her daughter, offering a price which was at once accepted, for Ashley's ideas of money were more vague than was his ideal of a good woman.

When Miss Laurence appeared for her first sitting she was arrayed in spotless white clinging drapery that showed her fine figure to the best advantage. Her coiffure was of the simplest. All that dress could do to represent purity was effected. Then, too, the girl's face was stamped with innocence. She looked with her blue eyes into those of the artist with a perfect trustfulness.

"Paint me as I am," she said to him. "Don't flatter me. If you should make a Madonna of me I should not like it. I am imperfect, and a perfect person represented on the canvas would not be I."

Ashley questioned her as to what she considered imperfections and was convinced by her replies that she did not know the meaning of the word—that is, she was innocent. While working on her features he chatted with her to draw out her individuality. Her voice was sweet, and it was evident from what she said that she was profoundly ignorant of the wicked part of the world she lived in.

Ashley made a discovery. He had been looking for a woman whose countenance expressed purity. He now formed a theory that innocence and purity are synonymous. Whether he was right or wrong is an open question. It began to dawn upon him that having found innocence it would serve to influence him in portraying purity. He did not realize that for some time he had already been under this influence. He was first made aware of it by noticing in the face he was putting on the canvas evidence that he was on the way to realize his ideal. He was not so imprudent as to suppose that he would ever realize his ideal.

DUFF'S Molasses
In sealed sanitary cans. Finest for table use and baking. Ask your grocer for it. Send postal card for booklet of Prize Recipes to P. DUFF & SONS, 920 Duquesne Way, Pittsburgh, Pa.

for he well knew the impossibility of any such realization. He simply knew that he had found an inspiration.

He found something more than an inspiration. He found that which he had never before experienced—love. This was quite naturally the result of peering into the face of a pretty girl for hours at a time and striving to consider her at her best that he might make a successful picture of her. His determination to make her his model for his masterpiece was an additional reason for his falling in love with her. There was a fascination about his subject which he supposed had been revealed probably to him alone. He could not see how any other man should be enthralled as he had been for he laid his enraptured mind to his peculiar perceptive faculties which enabled him to perceive a perfect embodiment of purity.

When the picture was finished it was a marked success, not as a portrait, but as a representation of purity. The model's mother accepted it without comment, though it was not a likeness of her daughter, for it was a beautiful picture. It was placed in a conspicuous position and much admired, but few of those who were acquainted with the subject recognized it as her portrait.

Meanwhile Ashley had become so absorbed in his model that he failed to be elated with his success. During the last sittings his subject, by frequent casting down of her eyes under his gaze, by pouting her pretty lips at any inattention on his part, had given evidence that her innocent heart had gone out to meet his. Since he was poor and had not yet made a name for himself in his profession, he hesitated to declare his love.

Nevertheless he was unable to tear himself away from Miss Laurence, nor did she seem inclined to part with him. After the finishing of her portrait, or rather, his conception of purity, he was unable to work. The morning usually found him in one of the galleries, where he expected to meet the girl who had captivated him. He was seldom disappointed, though she was not always alone. While she was sitting for him, so far as he knew, he was exclusively his own, but one that she had no engagements with him, she was free to go about with whom she liked, and since he was not employed he had an opportunity to meet her in other company.

Although Ashley suffered the pangs of jealousy upon seeing Miss Laurence with other cavaliers, she always reassured him with one of her sweetest smiles on such occasions and not infrequently would make it plain to him that she wished him to join her. When relieved of her other attendant she would take him to the Boboli gardens in rear of the Pitti gallery, than which there is no more fitting place for lovers. These gardens are representative of the medieval method of cultivating shrubbery and flowers. The perfume of the latter alone is conducive to love.

In the evening they would walk together on the Arno embankment, which when the lamps are lighted is as near fairyland as any real scene that can be produced. But it was in the apartment occupied by Miss Laurence and her mother, where the lovers were alone together, that Ashley broke down and confessed his love and his fears.

She received this confession and his fears with no definite response.

He was hoping one morning that a reputation would come from his masterpiece to enable him to muster courage to propose to his model, when, taking up a morning journal, he saw an announcement that a young American had the night before committed suicide by jumping from the Ponte Vecchio, a medieval bridge, into the Arno. It was hinted that the young man had taken himself off for love of a fair countrywoman. Ashley recognized the name of a man he had seen with Helen Laurence one day in the gallery of the Pitti palace and to whom he had been introduced by her.

As an American, Ashley considered it his duty to go to the lodgings of the young man to learn if anything was to be done in the premises. On reaching the house—a pension on the Lung Arno, which means in English the Arno embankment—he made inquiries of the proprietor. He told the artist that the suicide's mother and sister were there and a brother was expected during the day.

"I noticed," said Ashley, "that an American lady was the cause."

"Yes, signor; the lady whose portrait is now attracting so much attention. This episode will likely make the artist's fortune."

Ashley seemed turned to marble. He stood looking at the man as if stricken by some fearful calamity. The other, who was handling a key to a guest at the moment, did not notice his changed appearance and continued.

"The American is not the only one who has suffered from this same cause. An Englishman made a great ado when the lady refused him, and one of our own citizens, a prince, fell into the same pit. Among her victims she is named La Belle Dame Sans Mercei, after an Englishman."

Kills Pesky Bed Bugs P. D. Q.

A 95c. box of P. D. Q. makes a full quart of the strongest bug killer on earth. The new chemical, P. D. Q. Pesky Devil's Quinine—puts the everlasting to bed-bugs, roaches, ants and fleas. Weekly bed-bugs can't exist where P. D. Q. is used, as it leaves a coating on their eggs and prevents hatching. A box of P. D. Q. goes farther than a barrel of old-fashioned bug killers. P. D. Q. will not rot or stain clothing, kills fleas on dogs. Sold by Druggists, or mailed upon receipt of 95c. by the O. C. Company, Terre Haute, Ind.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

Ashley staggered out into the open air. Standing with a hand on the stone coping that protects the side walk from the river, it seemed for awhile as if he would be another victim to La Belle Dame Sans Mercei. But presently, steadying himself by the coping, he walked slowly in the direction of his studio.

The idle prediction of the landlady was fulfilled. The story attached to his picture of purity was well known and every one visited it from curiosity if for no other reason. Since the name of the artist was attached to it he might have taken advantage of the reputation it gave him to make a fortune, but he never painted another picture and was never seen again in Florence after that morning.

After the suicide a story concerning Miss Laurence's part in the matter was hushed up. It appears that, having heard of the young American who was hunting for a model of purity, she made a bet that she would sit for the picture and that it would be a success. She, too, left Florence immediately after the tragedy and returned to America, where it is to be hoped she repented of her many sins.

THE GAY STATESMAN.

A Tribute to the Versatile Genius of Alexander Hamilton.

Because no man can live exclusively to himself either for good or evil, with every mention of Burr's name the figure of Hamilton rises, an avenging ghost. Even before that precocious young native of the West Indies walked into our military history at Princeton, a lad only nineteen, lost in thought, a cocked hat pulled down over his eyes while his hand rested upon a cannon that he patted absently as if it were a favorite horse, he had done valiant work for American liberty with his pen. From the time he touched our shores to the July morning more than thirty years later when Burr's bullet laid him low he was a force to be reckoned with.

And his was one of those natures, keenly alive on many sides, whose astonishing maturity of intellect did not snuff out the zest of life. He became "my boy" to Washington very early in his service, worked willingly at headquarters day in and day out with a sober application equal to Washington's own, yet contrived to snatch from such never ending drudgery youth's dear and fleeting joys. He brought gayety even to Washington's mess table, courted black eyed Elizabeth Schuyler under the muzzles of British guns and in the years of their married life together managed with all his prodigious labors to bend social graces as well as the solid qualities of his mind to enriching their days and nights.

Besides being a great statesman, he was "an enjoying gentleman," to use the quaint old phrase. Talleyrand, corrupt and appreciative, looked upon him with amazement. "Il avait divine l'Europe," he said, which, from a European of that day, about an American was near the highest praise. Hamilton's management of the treasury, without breath of scandal or self seeking, filled the Frenchman with even greater astonishment. "I have beheld one of the wonders of the world," he exclaimed—"a man who has made a nation rich laboring all night to provide his family with bread."—Helen Nicolay in Century.

THIS PLANT IS A THIEF.

Dodder Steals All the Digested Food of Its Clover Neighbors.

Possibly he's too lazy to feed himself, or it may be that he came from a family of criminals and can't ever come his heredity. At any rate, he's a robber, a thief and a plunderer. None of these names is too severe, and if you doubt it ask the farmer, who knows him for the damage he does every year to the clover and alfalfa crops. The plant is the dodder.

Perhaps we can forgive the dodder for not preparing his own food, for he has nothing to prepare it with. Nearly all plants have chlorophyll, the substance which makes plants green and digests the food which they take from the ground and the air. The dodder has no chlorophyll.

So it has to turn robber to live. After the seed springs from the ground the dodder vine reaches out until it touches some other plant, clover, for example. It attaches itself to the clover stem by its tiny rootlets and begins to eat the food which the clover has taken and digested.

After awhile the root withers and dies, and the vine keeps reaching out for more victims, blinding them to their own fate by its tiny threads. You probably have seen the small, pale, bell shaped flowers climbing over a field of clover.

Once dodder gets a hold in a clover field the farmer's only escape is to cut clover and dodder alike and burn the crop. And the farmer believes this death some too horrible for the little robber vine.—Philadelphia North American.

Coal for Wagon Trade.

The nearest and best Coal mined for wagon trade is at Fountain Station. S. H. Lohr is in charge at the mine. F. W. Child.

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CLOTHES IN CHINA

Where Women Wear Trousers and Men Are Clad In Skirts.

A CURIOUS FASHION IN HAIR.

The Feminine Head Is Decorated With a Stiff Cushion That Demands Constant Ventilation to Be Bearable. Vogue of the Ear Ticker.

Even though I came to China knowing that they did things backward, there are some customs here that I just can't get used to. One is seeing women wearing trousers. There are more women wearing trousers in China than there are people in the United States—men, women and children. I suppose there is no reason why things shouldn't be thus, but it will always seem to me that the pants are on the wrong side of the house.

The women look like clothespins. Their bodies are the same size all the way down, and their feet are so tiny that they go bobbing along for all the world like jointed clothespins. The women shave their foreheads, with the timber line almost at the top of their heads, so that the little patch of face below looks as if it were trembling under threat of an impending snowslide.

Their hair is pulled and keyed back as though for musical purposes. At the back of the head a Chinese woman wears a cushion of false hair, so dressed as to show her rank, so that a person skilled in the language of the hair can read her history, can tell her present plans and her future ambitions. A person up on hair can tell at a glance whether or not she is married; if so, how many children she has, and if a widow, if she is willing to open correspondence with a desirable party of about forty-five—object, matrimony.

In this cushion a Chinese woman carries her head scratcher. Her hair dressing is a preparation made of slippery elm. The person needing it can run out to the corner and wait until the carpenter takes a plane and shaves off a few curls. This the Chinese lady steps into a thick, gummy smear, pours it on her head and uses it to stiffen her hair.

This layer makes the top of her head hot, so that every odd moment when she hasn't anything else to do she gets down under the mess and lets in some air with a darning needle. Her favorite time for doing this is at the theater. When the performance begins to drag she gets out her darning needle and improves the shining hour by making a rift in the roof as she looks around over the audience, lightly gossiping about who are there, what they are wearing and how awful they look.

Men in China wear skirts. Their skirts are in a garment that reaches from their shoulders to their shins and looks like a nightgown worn by a Cape Cod deacon. It has a tasty slit up each side, so that on muddy crossings the twinkle of masculine ankles may be seen. When they want to catch a car they have to gather up their skirts in the good old fashioned feminine way.

Under their skirts they wear a pair of drawers fastened at the ankles with a bandage, with the ends tucked in. When a Chinaman has an important letter or note to carry he unites the leg of his drawers, stuffs it in and puts the bandage back. The bandage works loose, so that when he reaches his destination the note is usually gone.

The only pockets a Chinaman has are in his shirt waist, which he wears under his skirt, so that when he wants to get a dime he has to unbuckle one side and slip in a hand. Even though a Chinaman wears skirts he has not yet learned about the First National Bank.

The Chinese are a great nation to think of the handy little things—things that no other people in the world could possibly think of. You can run out on to the street almost any time and buy an ear ticker. Men make a living going around selling them. An ear ticker is a little puff of cotton on the end of a stick and is meant to combine both business and pleasure—the business of cleaning the ear and the pleasure of the tickling sensation.

His is not an easy life, for the peddler has to be constantly on the watch against tricky people who come up, sample his ticklers, give their ears a couple of good tingles, tell the man that they don't like his brand of tickler and go on their way.

The peddler's ingenuity has developed a way of polishing up the tickler so that the next possible purchaser may not know that the tickler has been weighed and found wanting by carrying along a little bowl of white powder. After a tickler has been sampled and declined he dabs the end into the bowl, and it is bright and fresh looking as if it were new. If you want to buy one you couldn't tell for the life of you but that it was a new one—until you had used it a time or two.—Homer Croly in Leslie's Weekly.

Varnished His Own Coffin.

Tommaso Salvini was one of those men who take a grim satisfaction in making preparations for their own interment. He assisted in varnishing his own coffin, a magnificent walnut one destined to be inclosed in a solid block of marble, with the curt inscription, "Tommaso Salvini, Nineteenth Century Actor." In the same way his countryman, D'Annunzio, has constructed his own tomb.—London Standard.

Success doesn't "happen." It is or is not, pre-empted, captured by concentrated common sense.—Willard.

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HOW NEW YORK HAS GROWN.

The Metropolis Absorbed Villages as Old as Itself in 1898.

A metropolis grows up in two ways. At first it expands legitimately, adding furlong to furlong of growth. Then it leaps forward and seizes a large area overnight by act of legislature or parliament, sweeping into its net a score of villages and settlements. Then it proceeds to consolidate its position by filling up the intervening spaces. In European cities they have an inner ring, which is the old city, and an outer ring, which may be anything. New York, Chicago, Boston, Seattle, have their inner rings, which are the legitimate city, and the outer ring, which came by the get-big-quick method. New York succumbed to the promoter's fever in 1898. In that year the city absorbed large areas of virgin soil and a chain of independent villages, some of them nearly as old as Manhattan itself. From the sound to the Atlantic they stretch across the backbone of Long Island and the lower harbor to Staten Island, where the local tradition in spite of municipal ferries and promised tunnels has remained at its strongest.

Such frenzied expansion is the reason why the traveler in the nearer suburbs of a great city will often come across a city line which is no longer the city line. As you near the old city line from the heart of population the solid blocks of apartments and flats thin out. There follow stretches of waste land, market gardens, cemeteries. It is across this zone between the old and the new city lines that the transit railways throw their surface lines and elevated "extensions," and close behind them are the builders crisscrossing the raw acres with their lines of "frame" and brick.—Simeon Strunsky in Harper's.

Entitled to Charge.

"A professional man is paid for what he knows, not for what he does."
"Then that young lawyer ought to get some tremendous fees."
"Why?"
"He knows it all."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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BLUNDERS OF THE ADMINISTRATION

Wilson Has Failed In Foreign and Domestic Policies.

ROOT SHOWS HIS ERRORS.

Address as Temporary Chairman of New York Republican Convention Points Out Sins of Democratic Commission and Omission—"We Have Lost Influence Because We Have Been Brave in Words and Irresolute in Action."

In his address as temporary chairman of the New York state Republican convention, delivered in Carnegie Hall, New York, the Hon. Elihu Root said:

We are entering upon a contest for the election of a president and the control of government under conditions essentially new in the experience of our party and of our country. The forms and methods which we are about to follow are old and familiar, but the grounds for action, the demand of great events for decision upon national conduct, the moral forces urging to a solution of vaguely outlined questions, the tremendous consequences of wisdom or folly in national policy, all these are new to the great mass of American voters now living. Never since 1864 has an election been fraught with consequences so vital to national life. All the ordinary considerations which play so great a part in our presidential campaigns are and ought to be dwarfed into insignificance.

Democratic Party to the Bar.

For the first time in twenty years we enter the field as the party of opposition, and indeed it is a much longer time, for in 1860, in all respects save the tariff, the real opposition to the sturdy and patriotic course of President Cleveland was to be found in the party that followed Mr. Bryan. It is our duty as the opposition to bring the Democratic party to the bar of public judgment, to put it upon its defense so far as we see just and substantial grounds to criticize its conduct and to ask the voters of the country to decide whether that party, organized as it is, represented as it has been since it came into power, has shown itself competent to govern the country as it should be governed and whether its spirit, its policies, and its performance are the best that the American people can do in the way of popular self-government.

In the field of domestic affairs some facts relevant to these questions had already been ascertained when in August, 1914, the great European war began. During the year and a half of Democratic control of government in a period of profound peace there had been a steady decrease in American production, in exports and in revenues and a steady increase in imports and expenditures. Enterprise had halted. The Democratic tariff had been framed upon an avowed repudiation of all protection, however moderate and reasonable, and because all protection was repudiated practically all information from competent witnesses as to the effect new provisions would have upon business was rejected. It was with just cause that the enterprise of the country halted, timid and irresolute, because it felt and feared the hostility of government.

Foreign Competition After War.

The great war has not changed the lesson which we had already learned when it began. It has but obscured further demonstration. It has caused an enormous demand for some things which the United States is able to produce in large quantities, and in these lines of production, while other industries still languish, there have been extensive employment of labor, great exports and a great influx of money. But this is temporary. It must soon cease, and when the factories have stopped and their laborers are no longer employed we must deal with a situation for which wise forethought should make provision. More important still, the war has paralyzed the peaceful industries of all Europe and has stopped that competitive foreign production which in July, 1914, had already entered American markets to supersede American products under the tariff law of 1913. The war has thus given to American products an immunity from competition far more effective than any possible protective tariff. But that is temporary, and when the war is over, when foreign production begins again, the American market compared with impoverished Europe will be more than ever before the object of desire and effort, and we shall become the dumping ground of the world to the destruction of our own industries unless that is prevented by a wise and competent government.

How Can We Defend Ourselves?

But it is no, from domestic questions that the most difficult problems of this day arise. The events of the last few years have taught us many lessons. We have learned that civilization is but a veneer thinly covering the savage nature of man. How can this nation, which loves peace and intends justice, avoid the curse of militarism and at the same time preserve its independence, defend its territory, protect the lives and liberty and property of its citizens? How can we prevent the same principles of action, the same policies of conduct, the same

forces of military power which are exhibited in Europe from laying hold upon the vast territory and practically unfounded wealth of the new world?

Have we still national ideals? Will anybody live for them? Or are we all for ease and comfort and wealth at any price? Confronted by such questions as these and the practical situations which give rise to them, is the country satisfied to trust itself again in the hands of the Democratic party?

Impotent Interference in Mexico.

The United States had rights and duties in Mexico. More than 40,000 of our citizens had sought their fortunes and made their homes there. A thousand millions of American capital had been invested in that productive country. But revolution had come, and factional warfare was rife. Americans had been murdered. American property had been wantonly destroyed, the lives and property of all Americans in Mexico were in danger. That was the situation when Mr. Wilson became president in March, 1913. His duty then was plain. It was, first, to use his powers as president to secure protection for the lives and property of Americans in Mexico and to require that rules of law and stipulations of treaties should be observed by Mexico toward the United States and its citizens. His duty was, second, as the head of a foreign power to respect the independence of Mexico, to refrain from all interference with her internal affairs, from all attempt at domination except as he was justified by the law of nations for the protection of American rights. The president of the United States failed to observe either of these duties. He deliberately abandoned both and followed an entirely different and inconsistent purpose. He intervened in Mexico to aid one faction in civil strife against another. He undertook to pull down Huerta and set Carranza up in his place. Arms and munitions of war were freely furnished to the northern forces and withheld from Huerta. Finally the president sent our army and navy to invade Mexico and capture its great seaport, Vera Cruz, and hold it and throttle Mexican commerce until Huerta fell.

Americans Outraged in Mexico.

The government of the United States intervened in Mexico to control the internal affairs of that independent country and to enforce the will of the American president in those affairs by threat, by economic pressure and by force of arms. Upon what claim of right did this intervention proceed? Not to secure respect for American rights, not to protect the lives or property of our citizens, not to assert the laws of nations, not to compel observance of the law of humanity. On the contrary, Huerta's was the only power in Mexico to which appeal could be made for protection of life or property. That was the only power which, in fact, did protect either American or European or Mexican. It was only within the territory where Huerta ruled that comparative peace and order prevailed. The territory over which the armed power of Carranza and Villa and their associates extended was the theater of the most appalling crimes. Bands of robbers roved the country with unbridled license. Americans and Mexicans alike were at their mercy, and American men were murdered and American women were outraged with impunity. Thousands were reduced to poverty by the wanton destruction of the industries through which they lived. Yet the government of the United States ignored, condoned, the murder of American men and the rape of American women and the destruction of American property and insult to American officers and defiance of the American flag and joined itself to the men who were guilty of all these things to pull down the power of Huerta. Why? The president himself has told us. It was because he adjudged Huerta to be a usurper, because he deemed that the common people of Mexico ought to have greater participation in government and share in the land, and he believed that Carranza and Villa would give them these things. We must all sympathize with these sentiments, but there is nothing more dangerous than misplaced sentiment.

When our army landed at Vera Cruz Carranza himself, who was to be the chief beneficiary of the act, publicly protested against it. So strong was the resentment that he could not have kept his followers otherwise. When Huerta had fallen the new government which for the day had succeeded to his place peremptorily demanded the withdrawal of the American troops. The universal sentiment of Mexicans required the peremptory demand, and the troops were withdrawn. Still worse than that, the taking of Vera Cruz destroyed confidence in the sincerity of the American government in Mexico, because every intelligent man in Mexico believed that the avowed reason for the act was not the real reason. The avowed purpose was to compel a salute to the American flag. Three hundred Mexicans were reported killed; seventeen United States marines were killed and many were wounded. At that very time Mr. Bryan, with the president's approval, was signing treaties with half the world agreeing that if any controversy should arise it should be submitted to a joint commission and no action should be taken until after a full year had elapsed. This controversy, slight as it was, arose on the 9th of April, and on the 21st of the same month Vera Cruz was taken. With the occupation of Vera Cruz the moral power of the United States in Mexico ended. We were then and we are now hated for what we did to Mexico, and we were then and we are now despised for our feeble and irresolute failure to protect

the lives and rights of our citizens. No flag is so dishonored and no citizenship so little worth the claiming in Mexico as ours. And that is why we have failed in Mexico.

Policy of "Watchful Waiting."

Incredible as it seems, Huerta had been turned out by the assistance of the American government without any guarantees from the men who were to be set up in his place, and so the murdering and burning and ravishing have gone on to this day. After Huerta had fallen and the Vera Cruz expedition had been withdrawn President Wilson announced that no one was entitled to interfere in the affairs of Mexico; that she was entitled to settle them herself. He disclaimed all responsibility for what happens in Mexico and contents himself with a policy of watchful waiting. And for the death and outrage, the suffering and ruin of our own brethren, the hatred and contempt for our country and the dishonor of our name in that land the administration at Washington shares responsibility with the inhuman brutes with whom it made common cause.

When we turn to the administration's conduct of foreign affairs incident to the great war in Europe we cannot fail to perceive that there is much dissatisfaction among Americans. Dissatisfaction is not in itself ground for condemnation. The situation created by the war has been difficult and trying. Much of the correspondence of the state department, especially since Mr. Lansing took charge, has been characterized by accurate learning and skillful statement of specific American rights.

Three Errors in European Policy.

A study of the administration's policy toward Europe since July, 1914, reveals three fundamental errors: First, the lack of foresight to make timely provision for backing up American diplomacy by actual or assumed military and naval force; second, the forfeiture of the world's respect for our assertion of rights by pursuing the policy of making threats and failing to make them good; third, a loss of the moral forces of the civilized world through failure to truly interpret to the world the spirit of the American democracy in its attitude toward the terrible events which accompanied the early stages of the war.

First, as to power.

When the war in Europe began, free, peaceable little Switzerland instantly mobilized upon her frontier a great army of trained citizen soldiers. Sturdy little Holland did the same, and both have kept their territory and their independence inviolate.

Great, peaceable America was farther removed from the conflict, but her trade and her citizens traveled on every sea. Ordinary knowledge of European affairs made it plain that the war was begun not by accident, but with purpose which would not soon be relinquished. Ordinary knowledge of military events made it plain from the moment when the tide of German invasion turned from the battle of the Marne that the conflict was certain to be long and desperate. Ordinary knowledge of history—of our own history during the Napoleonic wars—made it plain that in that conflict neutral rights would be worthless unless powerfully maintained.

The Democratic government at Washington did not see it. Others saw it, and their opinions found voice. Mr. Gardner urged it, Mr. Lodge urged it, Mr. Stimson urged it, Mr. Roosevelt urged it, but their argument and urgency were ascribed to political motives, and the president described them with a sneer as nervous and excited.

Wilson Has Shifted Ground.

But the warning voices would not be still. The opinion that we ought no longer to remain defenseless became public opinion. Its expression grew more general and insistent, and finally the president, not leading, but following, has shifted his ground, has reversed his position and asks the country to prepare against war. God grant that he be not too late. But the Democratic party has not shifted its ground. A large part of its members in congress are endeavoring now to sidetrack the movement for national preparedness, to muddle it by amendment and turn it into channels which will produce the least possible result in the increase of national power of defense. What sense of effectiveness in this effort can we gather from the presence of Joseph Daniels at the most critical post of all—the head of the navy department—when we see that where preparation has been possible it has not been made, when we see that construction of warships already authorized has not been pressed and in some cases after long delay has not even begun?

If an increase of our country's power to defend itself against aggression is authorized by the present congress it must be largely through Republican votes, because all the traditions and convictions of that party are for national power and duty and honor.

As to the policy of threatening words without deeds:

When Germany gave notice of her purpose to sink merchant vessels on the high seas without safeguarding the lives of innocent passengers our government on the 10th of February one year ago informed Germany in unmistakable terms that in attacking and sinking vessels of the United States and in destroying the lives of American citizens lawfully traveling upon merchant vessels of other countries she would act at her peril. They pledged the power and courage of America, with her hundred million people and her vast wealth, to the protection of her citizens, as during all her history through the days of her youth and weakness she had protected them.

On the 13th of March the passenger

steamer Falaba was torpedoed by a German submarine and an American citizen was killed, but nothing was done. On the 25th of April the American vessel Cushing was attacked and crippled by a German aeroplane. On the 1st of May the American vessel Guildlight was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine and two or more Americans were killed, yet nothing was done. On the 7th of May the Lusitania was torpedoed and sunk by a German submarine and more than 100 Americans and 1,100 other noncombatants were drowned. The very thing, which our government had warned Germany she must not do, Germany did of set purpose and in the most contemptuous and shocking way. Then when all America was stirred to the depths, our government addressed another note to Germany. It repeated its assertion of American rights and renewed its bold declaration of purpose. It declared again that the American government "must hold the imperial German government to a strict accountability for any infringement of those rights, intentional or incidental," and it declared that it would "omit any word or any act necessary to the performance of its sacred duty of maintaining the rights of the United States and its citizens and of safeguarding their free exercise and enjoyment."

Still nothing was done and a long and technical correspondence ensued, haggling over petty questions of detail, every American note growing less and less strong and peremptory until the Arabic was torpedoed and sunk and more American lives were destroyed, and still nothing was done, and the correspondence continued until the allied defense against German submarine warfare made it unprofitable and led to its abandonment, and the correspondence is apparently approaching its end without securing even that partial protection for the future which might be found in an admission that the destruction of the Lusitania was forbidden by law. The later correspondence has been conducted by our state department with dignity, but it has been futile. An admission of liability for damages has been secured, but the time for real protection to American rights has long since passed.

The brave words with which we began the controversy had produced no effect, because they were read in the light of two extraordinary events. One was the report of the Austrian ambassador, Mr. Dumba, to his government that when the American note of Feb. 10 was received he asked the secretary of state, Mr. Bryan, whether it meant business and received an answer which satisfied him that it did not, but was intended for effect at home in America.

"Too Proud to Fight"

The other event was the strange and unfortunate declaration of the president in a public speech in Philadelphia the fourth day after the sinking of the Lusitania that "a man may be too proud to fight." Whatever the Austrian ambassador was in fact told by the secretary of state, the impression which he reported was supported by the events which followed. Whatever the president did mean, his declaration, made in public at that solemn time, amid the horror and mourning of all our people over the murder of their children, was accepted the world over as presenting the attitude of the American government toward the protection of the life and liberty of American citizens in the exercise of their just rights, and throughout the world the phrase "too proud to fight" became a byword of derision and contempt for the government of the United States.

Later, in another theater of war—the Mediterranean—Austria, and perhaps Turkey also, resumed the practice. The Ancona and then the Persia were destroyed, and more Americans were killed. Why should they not resume the practice? They had learned to believe that, no matter how shocked the American government might be, its resolution would expend itself in words. They had learned to believe that it was safe to kill Americans, and that the world believed with them.

Shaking Fist and Finger.

No man should draw a pistol who dares not shoot. The government that shakes its fist first and its finger afterward falls into contempt. Our diplomacy has lost its authority and influence because we have been brave in words and irresolute in action. Men may say that the words of our diplomatic notes were justified; men may say that our inaction was justified, but no man can say that both were wise and creditable.

I have said that this government lost the moral forces of the world by not truly interpreting the spirit of the American democracy.

The American democracy stands for something more than beef and cotton and grain and manufactures; stands for something that cannot be measured by rates of exchange and does not rise or fall with the balance of trade. The American people, informed by their own experience that is confirmed by their observation of international life, have come to see that the independence of nations, the liberty of their peoples, justice and humanity cannot be maintained upon the complaisance, the good nature, the kindly feeling of the strong toward the weak; that real independence, real liberty, cannot rest upon assurance; that peace and liberty can be preserved only by the authority and observance of rules of national conduct founded upon the principles of justice and humanity; only by the establishment of law among nations, responsive to the enlightened public opinion of mankind. To them liberty means not liberty for themselves alone, but for all who are oppressed. Justice means not justice for themselves alone, but a shield for all who are

weak against the aggression of the strong.

To this people the invasion of Belgium brought a shock of amazement and horror. If the public opinion of the world was to remain silent upon that, neutral upon that, then all talk about peace and justice and international law and the rights of man, the progress of humanity and the spread of liberty is idle patter, mere weak sentimentality; then opinion is powerless and brute force rules and will rule the world. If no difference is recognized between right and wrong then there are no moral standards. There come times in the lives of nations as of men when to treat wrong as if it were right is treason to the right.

The Wrong Done to Belgium.

The American people were entitled not merely to feel, but to speak concerning the wrong done to Belgium. It was not like interference in the internal affairs of Mexico or any other nation, for this was an international wrong. The law protecting Belgium which was violated was our law and the law of every other civilized country. That law was the protection of our peace and security. It was our safeguard against the necessity of maintaining great armaments and wasting our substance in continual readiness for war. Moreover, that law was written into a solemn and formal convention, signed and ratified by Germany and Belgium and France and the United States in which those other countries agreed with us that the law should be observed.

There was no question here of interfering in the quarrels of Europe. We had a right to be neutral, and we were neutral as to the quarrel between Germany and France, but when as an incident to the prosecution of that quarrel Germany broke the law which we were entitled to have preserved and which she had agreed with us to preserve we were entitled to be heard in the assertion of our own national right.

Neutral Between Right and Wrong!

Neutral the American government acquiesced in the treatment of Belgium and the destruction of the law of nations. Without one word of objection or dissent to the repudiation of law or the breach of our treaty or the violation of justice and humanity in the treatment of Belgium our government enjoined upon the people of the United States an indiscriminating and all embracing neutrality, and the president admonished the people that they must be neutral in all respects in act and word and thought and sentiment. We were to be not merely neutral as to the quarrels of Europe, but neutral as to the treatment of Belgium, neutral between right and wrong, neutral between justice and injustice, neutral between humanity and cruelty, neutral between liberty and oppression. Our government did more than acquiesce, for in the first Lusitania note, with the unspeakable horrors of the conquest of Belgium still fresh in our minds, on the very day after the report of the Bryce commission on Belgian atrocities, it wrote these words to the government of Germany:

Recalling the humane and enlightened attitude hitherto assumed by the imperial German government in matters of international right and particularly with regard to the freedom of the seas, having learned to recognize the German views and the German influence in the field of international obligation as always engaged upon the side of justice and humanity, etc.

And so the government of the United States appeared as approving the treatment of Belgium. It misrepresented the people of the United States in that acquiescence and apparent approval. It was not necessary that the United States should go to war in defense of the violated law. A single official expression by the government of the United States, a single sentence denying assent and recording disapproval of what Germany did in Belgium, would have given to the people of America that leadership to which they were entitled in their earnest groping for the light. It would have ranged behind American leadership the conscience and morality of the neutral world.

It was not to be. The American government failed to rise to the demands of the great occasion. Gone were the old love of justice, the old passion for liberty, the old sympathy with the oppressed, the old ideals of an America helping the world toward a better future, and there remained in the eyes of mankind only solicitude for trade and profit and prosperity.

Shrank From the Truth.

The American government could not really have approved the treatment of Belgium, but under a mistaken policy it shrank from speaking the truth.

Such policies as I have described are doubly dangerous in their effect upon foreign nations and in their effect at home. It is a matter of universal experience that a weak and apprehensive treatment of foreign affairs invites encroachments upon rights and leads to situations in which it is difficult to prevent war, while a firm and frank policy at the outset prevents difficult situations from arising and tends most strongly to preserve peace. On the other hand, if a government is to be strong in its diplomacy its own people must be ranged in its support by leadership of opinion in a national cause worthy to awaken their patriotism and devotion.

We have not been following the path of peace. We have been blindly stumbling along the road that continued will lead to inevitable war.

When our government failed to tell the truth about Belgium it lost the opportunity for leadership of the moral sense of the American people and it lost the power which a knowledge of that leadership and a sympathetic response from the moral sense of the world would have given to our diplomacy. When our government failed to

make any provision whatever for defending its rights in case they should be trampled upon it lost the power which a belief in its readiness and will to maintain its rights would have given to its diplomatic representations. When our government gave notice to Germany that it would destroy American ships and American ships at its peril our words, which would have been potent if sustained by adequate preparation to make them good and by the prestige and authority of the moral leadership of a great people in a great cause, were treated with a contempt which should have been foreseen, and when our government failed to make those words good its diplomacy was bankrupt.

Upon the record of performance which I have tried to describe will the American people say that the Democratic party is entitled to be continued in power?

The defects of the present administration arise from two distinct causes. The first is the temperament and training of the president. The second is the incapacity of the Democratic party as it is represented in Washington both in the legislative and in the executive departments either to originate wise policies or to follow them when proposed by others or to administer them effectively if they are established. The Democrats in congress are never controlled except with a club, and government with a club is always spasmodic and defective.

We must not deceive ourselves by assuming that the critical period arising from the great war has passed. The real dangers and the real tests of the strength of our institutions lie before us. The most exacting demands upon the wisdom, the spirit and the courage of our country are still to be made. In this great conflict all forms of government are on trial, democracy with the rest. The principles of national morality are on trial. We must play our part in the universal trial whether we will or no, for upon the result depends directly the question whether our republic can endure.

What Are People to Expect?

But what are the people to expect if the Republican party is restored to power?

This much we can say now: They may expect, with confidence, that their government will meet the economic situation with which we must deal immediately upon the close of the war, with a policy of moderate but adequate protection to American industry.

They may expect that the government will be administered with the honesty and efficiency which have marked Republican administrations in the past.

They may expect that the best possible course for the preservation of peace will be followed by a foreign policy which, with courtesy and friendliness to all nations, is frank and fearless and honest in its assertion of American rights.

They may expect that their government will stand for full and adequate preparation by the American people for their own defense. The Republican party loves peace and hates war; it abhors and will never submit to military domination; but it is composed of men who love our country and who deem that the independence, the liberty, the honor and the opportunity of the American democracy are not merely to be talked about with weak and flabby sentiment, but are to be maintained and safeguarded by the practical power of a virile and patriotic people. It is clear-sighted enough to see that preparation for defense must have due relation to the possibilities of attack; that under the conditions of modern warfare much preparation must be made before a possible attack or all preparation will be impossible after the attack. The Republican party stands for a citizenship made competent by training to perform the free-man's duty of defense for his country. It stands for a regular army no larger than is necessary, but as large as is necessary to serve as a first line, a nucleus, a source of instruction and of administration for the army of American citizens who may be called upon to defend their country. And the Republican party stands for the gospel of patriotic service to our country by every citizen, according to his ability in peace and in war. It stands for a reawakening of American patriotism. It is not content that while the people of other lands are rendering the last full measure of devotion in sacrifice and suffering and dying for their countries America shall remain alone dull to the call of country and satisfied in the comforts and pleasures of prosperity.

Our Power For Peace.

They may expect that assured readiness for defense will give power to our diplomacy in the maintenance of peace.

They may expect that the power and will of a united people to defend their country will prevent the application to our peaceful and prosperous land of the hateful doctrine that among nations might makes right regardless of the rules of justice and humanity.

They may expect that the manifest, potential strength and competency of the nation will maintain the effectiveness and reality of that great policy of national safety which in the declaration of President Monroe forbade the destruction of our security by the establishment of hostile military powers in our neighborhood.

They may expect that their government will not forget, but will ever maintain, the principles of American freedom, the duties of America to the peace and progress of the world and those ideals of liberty and justice for all mankind which above all else make the true greatness of the American democracy.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 9, 1916

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed. & Pub
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FOR CONGRESS

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of Charles H. Rowland, of Phillipsburg, Centre County, as a candidate for reelection to a second term in Congress in accordance with the custom and usages of the Republican voters and Republican organizations of the Twenty-first Congressional District, composed of the counties of Clearfield, Centre, McKean and Cameron, at the Uniform Primary election, May 16th, 1916.

FOR ASSEMBLY

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the candidacy of H. B. Scott, of Phillipsburg Borough, for nomination on the Republican ticket for Member of the House in the Legislature from Centre County, subject to the decision of the primaries to be held on May 16th, 1916. Mr. Scott respectfully asks the kindly support of all Republicans at the primaries.

THE REPUBLICAN is authorized to announce the name of C. L. Gramley, of Robersburg, for nomination on the Republican ticket for Member of the House in the Legislature from Centre County, subject to the decision of the primaries to be held on May 16th, 1916. Mr. Gramley will appreciate the support of all Republicans.

FOR NATIONAL DELEGATE

WILLIAM L. SWOPE

of Clearfield, Clearfield County, Pa.
Candidate for Delegate to the Republican National Convention to be held in Chicago, June 16th, 1916, from the 21st Congressional District, composed of the counties of Clearfield, Centre, Cameron and McKean, subject to the action of the Republicans of the district at the Uniform Primary Election, May 16th, 1916.

All prospects for harmony seem to have vanished and it is war to the hilt between the Penrose and Brumbaugh forces.

If Hughes continues to the finish declining the Republican nomination for President we have a big, black cigar to wager that he will be the choice of the Chicago convention.

Governor Brumbaugh, so it is announced, will officially make a tour of inspection of State highways and unofficially while enroute will let loose some local option speeches. His tour might be classed as a practical demonstration of riding on the water wagon.

We heard the other day of a fellow who fessed up that the reason he was demanding more heat was that he wanted to be prepared in this world for his entry into the next. We would suggest that he place his case in the hands of dear Dr. Vocum rather than with the Public Service Commission. At best the latter can aid him only temporarily.

Evangelical Appointments.

The twenty second annual conference of the United Evangelical Church concluded its sessions at York on Tuesday. Assignments of ministers included the following:

Centre district—The Rev. C. L. Sones, presiding elder.
Altoona, I. E. D. Stover.
Bellwood, S. A. Snyder.
Barnham, I. N. Bair.
Lewistown—Grace, D. F. Young; Trinity, C. B. Shank.
Liverpool, C. A. Pray, under presiding elder.
Milesburg Mission, L. Dice.
Middleburg, D. A. Artman.
McClure, J. H. Ricker.
Mifflin, W. H. Lilly.
Nittany, J. P. D. Bowersox.
Petersburg, J. W. Omeldorf.
Spring Mills—L. A. Miller.
Bishop U. F. Swengel, W. E. Pfeffy, the Rev. George Joseph, members of Lewistown Grace, quarterly conference; the Rev. J. M. Price, member of Mexico quarterly conference; the Rev. A. L. Burkett, member of McClure quarterly conference.

Heavy, impure blood makes a muddy, pimply complexion, headaches, nausea, indigestion. Thin blood makes you weak pale and sickly. For pure blood, sound digestion, use Burdock Blood Bitters. \$1.00 at all stores.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo,

Lucas County

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is a senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal)

A. W. GLEASON

Notary Public
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Harold A. Taylor Dead.

Harold A. Taylor, one of Bellefonte's finest and most popular young men, died on Monday morning at 8:20 o'clock at Buffalo, N. Y., where he had resided for sometime. News of his death came as a profound shock to a wide circle of friends. Few were aware that he had been seriously ill. On Saturday, last, members of his family here were summoned to his bedside in the Buffalo hospital. He had been a sufferer from gastritis, but it was said that his death was due to an abscess on the brain. The body was brought to Bellefonte Tuesday morning for interment. The deceased was aged thirty-three years and was born in Bellefonte, the son of Mrs. Anna and the late Hugh Taylor. In 1908 he married Miss Elsie Miller, a daughter of Abraham Miller, who survives with two children, Nancy Jane and Elsie Louise. There survive also these brothers and sisters: Colonel Hugh S., R. B., Richard, James, Gladstone and Joseph Taylor. Mrs. R. C. Burns of Pittsburgh, Mrs. W. D. Zerby of Bellefonte, Mrs. Warren Elsey, of Pittsburgh, Misses Gertrude and Lillian of Bellefonte. While in Buffalo the deceased was manager and a director of the Buffalo Steam Laundry Co. He was a member of Bellefonte lodges of Moose and Odd Fellows.

Thompson N. Barnhart Dead.

Thompson N. Barnhart, a well known and highly esteemed resident of Bellefonte, died at his late home on East Howard street at 5:45 o'clock Tuesday morning. His death came suddenly and was due to heart failure. He had been in poor health for the past year but had been able to attend to his work as usual up until the evening preceding his death. The news of his passing away was received with sorrow by many admiring friends. The deceased was born 64 years ago in Spring Township, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Philip N. Barnhart. Surviving are his widow and these children: Mrs. Fannie Thomas, of Clearwater, Florida; Bruce and Lloyd, of Braddock; Dean, of Detroit, and Alice, at home. Surviving also is a brother, J. Willard Barnhart, of Bellefonte. Funeral services will be held from the late home Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. Dr. E. H. Vocum officiating. Interment will be made in the Union cemetery.

Mrs. Charles Johnsonbaugh Dead.

Mrs. Mary Johnsonbaugh, wife of Charles Johnsonbaugh, died last Friday morning at 2:25 o'clock at her late home at Linden Hall. She had been in poor health for seven weeks but was not confined to her bed until two weeks before her death. Funeral services were held Sunday at Curtin. The deceased was aged 43 years and 2 days. She was a daughter of the late William and Sarah Keeler. From the time she became sixteen years of age she was an active, earnest member of the Evangelical church. Surviving to mourn her passing away are her husband and these children: Alvie, Mrs. Ralph Krumrine, Pearl, Floyd and Elmer, all at home. There survive also these sisters and brothers: Mrs. Bella Rathburn, of Olean, N. Y.; Mrs. George Bathurst, of Driftwood; Mrs. Anna Confer, of Olean, N. Y.; Mrs. Jerry Lutz, of Bellefonte; Elmer Keeler, of Olean, N. Y.

W. Frank Berry Dead.

W. Frank Berry, a saddler and shoe dealer at Beech Creek, died at his late home at that place Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock. He had been ill but two days, his death being due to obstruction of the bowels and fatty degeneration of the heart. He was 59 years old and is survived by a widow and four children: Clair H., of Beech Creek; Mrs. Albert Hill, of Cleveland, Ohio; Vivian, of Williamsport, and Miss Wilda, at home. There survive also two brothers and two sisters: Thompson Berry, of Jersey Shore, and Ernest Berry, and Mrs. Joseph Johnson and Mrs. E. Clyde Brown, of Beech Creek.

John Hunter Dead.

John Hunter, familiarly known in his home section as "Captain Hunter," passed on of life at his home in Half Moon valley last Thursday, at the ripe age of 96 years. Funeral services at the home were held at 11 o'clock Tuesday morning. Mr. Hunter is survived by three children, a son John A., at State College, another son, Dr. Hunter, in Florida and a daughter, Miss Anna Mary Hunter, at home. The deceased was a farmer by occupation and was well known throughout his home valley and adjoining sections.

Miles Lucas Dead.

Miles Lucas died at his late home at Fairview last Thursday night, following an extended illness. Death was due to tuberculosis. His wife preceded him to the grave several years ago. The deceased was aged 49 years. Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Amelia Chatman, of Fairview, and the following sister and brothers: Mrs. George Weston, of Summit Hill; Nicholas, Charles, John and Andrew Lucas, all residing near Fairview. Funeral services were held on Sunday, interment being made at Fairview.

Ellis Stettler Dead.

Ellis Stettler, a resident of Northumberland for the past fourteen years, died at the home of his son, George F. Stettler, February 11. The deceased was 85 years old. He left ten children including Daniel Stettler of State College.

Real Estate Transfers

Recorder William H. Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers:
Nellye M. Troutman, to Geo. F. Troutman, tract in Phillipsburg; \$1.00.
J. J. Deshler, to J. H. Crouse, tract in Aaronburg; \$120.
Elizabeth Snyder, et al, to O. R. Beckwith, tract in Taylor Twp.; \$4 00
J. A. Myers, et al, to Robert P. Confer, tract in Howard; \$16 67
Samuel Conway, et ux, to Matthew Pickard, tract in Rush Twp.; \$1300
Ellie H. Calhoun to Roy Calhoun, tract in Union Twp.; \$2300.
Isaac P. Bickel to Lucy Smith, tract in Bellefonte; \$2000.
Annie S. Mease, et bar, to Anna L. Billelts, tract in Spring Twp.; \$850.
Chas. D. Bartholomew to Orvis P. Weaver, tract in Centre Hall; \$170.
Jacob Marks to Lottie Harper, tract in Bellefonte; \$2250.
Christ Beezer, et ux, to James Davidson, tract in Boggs Twp.; \$6300.
John Orwick, et ux, to Lawrence Moore, tract in Taylor Twp.; \$600.
C. T. Gerberich to Wm. Steele Jr. tract in Bellefonte; \$200.
Geo. H. Yarnell Sheriff to S. W. Gramley tract in Miles Twp.; \$135.
Lizzie Miller to Susan Leah Stamm tract in Millheim; \$700.
Susan Leah Stamm to Mabel Auman tract in Millheim; \$800.
O. Perry Cole to Otterbein Cole tract in Spring Twp.; \$500.
Swift & Co. to Edward F. Swift, tract in Phillipsburg; \$1 00
Edward F. Swift, et ux, to Lauderbach Barber Co., tract in Phillipsburg; \$2500.
Jacob D. Houser et ux, to John T. Spangler, tract in Phillipsburg; \$1850.

Spraying Plan for Cherries.

A spray calendar for the prevention and control of insects and fungus diseases affecting the cherry, as outlined by Dr. Stewart, of the department of experimental pomology at the Pennsylvania State College, is as follows:

1. DORMANT SPRAY. In spring, before buds start. Lime-sulphur solution, at 1.03 for scale and fungus diseases (Not often needed on sour varieties).
2. APHIS & CURCULIO SPRAY. Immediately after petals fall. Lime-sulphur solution, at 1.008, and 40 per cent nicotine extract, one-half to three-fourths pint to 50 gallons for aphis and leaf-spot; add lead arsenate paste, three pounds for curculio, slugs, and red leaf-beetle.
3. BROWN ROT SPRAY. When fruit is size of a small pea. Materials and pests same as "2", and especially for brown rot and fruit fly. (Latter is worst on late sour varieties. If very bad, use a coarse spray of lead arsenate, three pounds, and molasses one pint to fifty gallons, on lower limbs, when adults appear, in early June).
4. LEAF-SPOT SPRAY. Shortly after fruit is picked. Lime-sulphur alone, 1.008, to prevent defoliation by the leaf-spot or shot-hole fungus. Repeat a month later if this disease is bad.

If pests are known to be absent, corresponding spray may be omitted.

Arranging for Debate.

Superintendent J. E. Wagner, of Bellefonte, has kindly consented to act as chairman of a committee with Principals W. G. Briener, of State College, J. S. F. Ruthruff, of Phillipsburg, and H. P. Whitling, of Bellefonte, which has been appointed to make arrangements for the Centre County Debate to be held at Bellefonte prior to the last Friday in March. The subject is: "Resolved, That international peace would be best promoted by extensive warlike preparations on the part of all great powers". The debate will probably be held in the Court House in Bellefonte.

The winning team will go to Williamsport in April at the expense of the Williamsport Board of Trade to meet the winning team of other counties in a second debate on the same subject. It is hoped that every school in the county will co-operate by sending a team of three, either boys or girls.

Supervisors' Convention.

The annual convention of supervisors of Centre County will be held in the Court House, Bellefonte, March 17th, beginning at 10 o'clock A. M. All supervisors are earnestly urged to attend this convention, also all others interested in the good roads propaganda. The State Highway Department will be represented by eminent speakers. Many other speakers of authority on good roads will address the meeting during the day. We hope all will take an interest in this meeting and attend, as there will be many instructive talks on building and maintenance of good roads throughout our district.

E. F. CHANEY, Secretary.
ELLIS L. ORVIS, President.

Morgan Williams Dead.

Morgan Williams, well known and for many years a resident of Axe Mann died at his late home at that place at 8:15 o'clock Wednesday morning. His health had not been the best for some time, although he was not confined to his bed until about two weeks ago. The deceased was 66 years old on February 22d, last. He never married. Surviving are a brother and sister, James and Mary Williams, both of Axe Mann. Funeral services will be held Friday morning at 10 o'clock from the late home.

Read "The Republican" \$1.50 a year in advance.

Clarence Crust Dead.

Clarence Crust died at his late home near Pleasant Gap last Friday night at 9 o'clock. He had been in failing health for the last two years. The deceased was aged 22 years, 5 months and 22 days. Surviving are his mother, Mrs. William Crust, and two brothers, Charles Crust, of Centre Hall, and Frank Crust, of Axe Mann. Funeral services were held Monday morning at 10 o'clock, interment being made at the Meyers cemetery.

Solomon Tice Dead.

Solomon Tice, a well known resident of near Mt. Eagle, died at his late residence last Sunday morning. The deceased was aged about 66 years. Surviving are four sons and one daughter, Cyrus, William and Ellery, of near Howard; Ira, residing in Kansas, and Lizzie, residing in the West. Funeral services were held today at 9 o'clock from the Methodist Episcopal church at Howard. Interment was made in the Schenck cemetery.

WEARING EVENING CLOTHES.

A Chicago View of the Question From a Masculine Viewpoint.

Citizens of the older towns where it is customary for men of any social pretensions whatsoever to wear formal evening clothes after 6 in the afternoon often reproach Chicagoans for not following this time honored custom. They are never satisfied with the explanations given, because these explanations are rather evasions and do not explain anything.

As a matter of fact, although nearly every Chicago man knows why his "full dress" accumulates dust and sustains moths in the dim recesses of the closet, he does not realize that his reasons are the reasons that consign the glad garments of his fellow men to a similar destitute. It may be just as well to get together and confess.

If one could make a formal evening dress map of Chicago one could show several small, well defined areas in and about the city where the open faced waistcoat and spiketail coat are necessary, or at least permitted. In the loop, about theaters and fashionable hotels, such garments are worn without misgivings, and in certain narrowly prescribed residential districts one may flit from house to house in the raiment of joy without danger. But if one essays to go from one of these haunts of fashion to the other, except in a taxi, one is likely to run a gantlet of ribald comment that will leave him a nervous wreck when he reaches his destination.

Our Chicago democracy is very young, newly come into a knowledge of its privileges and enthusiastically hostile toward anything that remotely resembles an assumption of class or caste; hence through the vast tracts it inhabits and that separate the dress suit areas one from another the man who essays a pilgrimage openly in the despoiled garments of idleness invites reprisals.

If the fashionable men of Chicago who wish to maintain the fashionable tradition, yet cannot afford taxicabs, will get together they may develop enough strength to persuade the traction companies to supply for their evening travel sufficient closed and armored cars, running at appropriate intervals. Otherwise they must take their chances, as other adventurous Americans do.—Chicago News.

ALASKA'S COAST LINE.

Longer Than the Distance Round the World at the Equator.

Have you any idea of the extent of the Alaska coast line? The shores of the territory are washed by three great oceans. These are the Arctic ocean on the north, Bering sea on the west and the Pacific on the south. The Aleutian Islands, off the Alaska peninsula, are separated from each other and the mainland by a network of rocky straits, and much of southwestern and southeastern Alaska is made up of mountainous islands that have rocks of all shapes and sizes. The islands are really the tops of mountains half lost in the waters. They rise in spires and cathedrals, some of which are thousands of feet above the water and others hidden beneath it, lying there concealed and ready to rip open the hulls of ships as the iceberg of the Atlantic ripped the Titanic.

The extent of the Alaska coast with its windings surpasses that of the United States proper. It is greater than that of all our states on the Pacific from Puget sound to the boundary of Mexico added to that of our states on the Atlantic, including the gulf. All told, it is more than 26,000 miles long, or longer than the distance around the world at the equator, and in proportion to its length it has perhaps more dangers than any other coast line on earth.

Nevertheless not one-half of it has yet been sounded by the coast survey vessels, and more than half of the general coast line is not marked by lights or by any aids to navigation.—Christian Herald.

To Make Cold Cream.

Take half a pound of lard, half a cupful of olive oil, half a teaspoonful of powdered borax. Melt these and let them come to a boiling point. Take half a cupful of water, 5 cents' worth of rose essence or essence of geranium. Add these last two (water and essence) to the boiling fat by drops and then stir until cool by setting kettle into a larger kettle or something larger filled with cold water and beat it into a cream with the egg beater. This will keep in jars for months if kept where it is cool and is a fine, harmless and very inexpensive cream to use.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

There is a Real Difference

Cream of tartar, derived from grapes, is used in Royal Baking Powder because it is the best and most healthful ingredient known for the purpose.

Phosphate and alum, which are derived from mineral sources, are used in some baking powders, instead of cream of tartar, because they are cheaper.

If you have been induced to use baking powders made from alum or phosphate, use Royal Baking Powder instead. You will be pleased with the results and the difference in the quality of the food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
New York

Bolting Meals.

Man is an omnivorous animal and cannot afford to permit himself to be hurried at meals. It is impossible to bolt such food as the average person eats without injuring the health, says State Health Commissioner Dixon.

With the animal kingdom the sense of smell, as well as the sense of taste, enters largely into the enjoyment of the meal. This should be the case with mankind. Odor and taste, if properly exercised, have a tendency to stimulate the fluids essential to proper digestion.

Chewing the food a reasonable length of time should assist us in enjoying the taste and flavor. One of the essentials to good digestion is to eat those things which we relish unless the contrary is indicated by well established scientific and empirical knowledge. Civilization has dulled our instincts in this respect but it survives to a certain degree in our relish for certain food stuffs. This relish should not be mistaken for the inordinate

fondness for certain things. Everyone can distinguish between an occasional intemperate indulgence and a natural taste and relish.

The proper flow of the digestive fluids is essential to good digestion. A liberal portion of fruit is suggested by most dietitians and it is a common belief that fruit is a wholesome food. It should be remembered however, that acid fruits are often irritating to the mucous membrane if the habit is long continued on a naturally weak digestion or with babies, it will still further interfere with digestion. Almost everyone who is using grapefruit or other acid fruit for food, makes a mistake by eating it before breakfast or at any time on an empty stomach. It should be eaten after breakfast instead of before as is the habit.

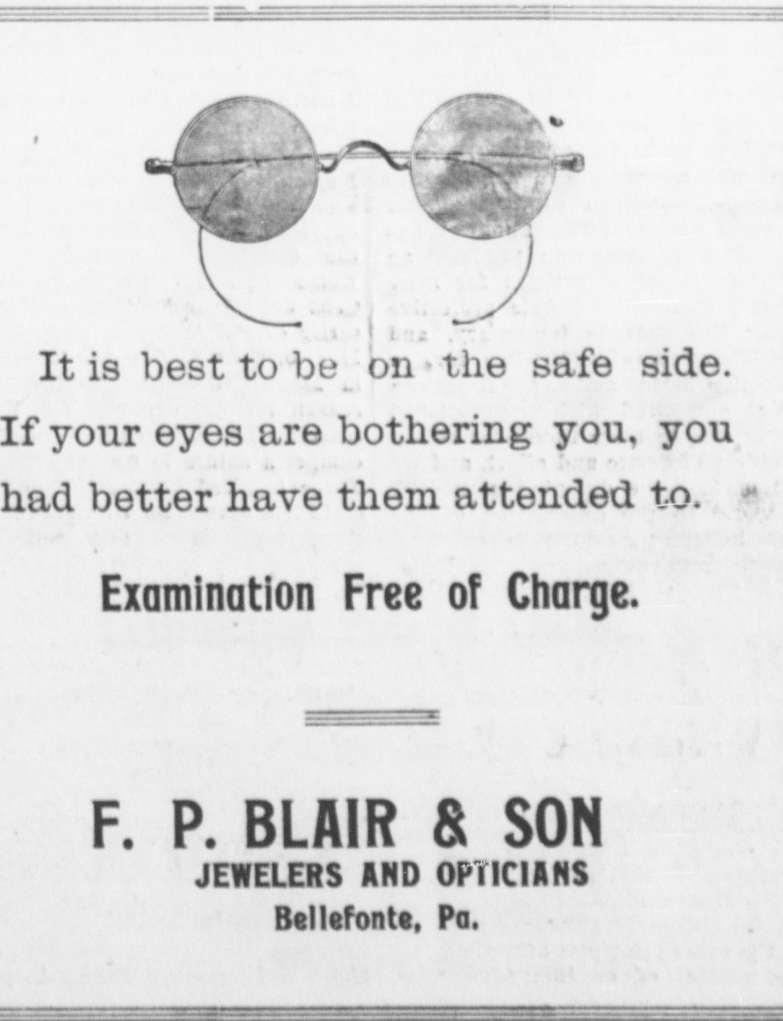
Baptist Church Burned.

The Port Matilda Baptist Church was completely destroyed by fire last Sunday morning. The loss is about \$3000, with \$1000 insurance.



That's it exactly!
Direct because there's no side-tracking; available to you alone!
An Individual Line between your Bell Telephone and the operator who awaits your call! No interruptions; no disturbing delays while others use the line!
Surely it's worth the few additional cents a week which this necessary convenience costs, whether mere "secrets" or dreaded emergencies demand an Individual Line.
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THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF PA.
W. S. MALLALIEU,
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BELLEFONTE, PA.



It is best to be on the safe side.
If your eyes are bothering you, you had better have them attended to.
Examination Free of Charge.

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

Correspondence

Milesburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Shay are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby boy on Friday evening, March 3rd.

J. C. Peters, of Dix Run, was a business visitor in town on Saturday.

Thomas Sheckler, of Tyrone, visited Mr. and Mrs. George Sheckler, on Tuesday.

Earl Harvey, of Howard, spent Tuesday with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Harvey.

Alfred Shope, of Snow Shoe, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Shope.

Paul Burkett, who has been bookkeeper at the Titan Metal Works for the past few months, has resigned his position and is at home with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira G. Burkett, of Stormstown.

Miss Caroline Baird, is ill with the grip.

Miss Mary Boyle, was called home from Filmore on account of the very serious illness of her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Murray.

Mrs. John Fulton, of Osceola, spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary Shroyer.

Mrs. Frank Fuller left Saturday for Akron, Ohio, where she expects to make her home.

Guy McKinley, of Snow Shoe, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward McKinley.

Philip Hall, of Osceola, spent a few days among friends in the burg.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Watson spent Sunday in Howard with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hall, of Tyrone, Sundayed with relatives in the burg.

Harry Peters, of Renovo, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Peters.

Misses Eva and Alta Zimmerman, of Pleasant Gap, spent the week-end with Miss Nettie Thomas.

Clyde Peters, of Pittsburg, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Peters.

Mr. and Mrs. William Peters entertained a number of their friends on Saturday eve in honor of Mrs. Peters, it being her birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Gingham, of Tyrone, visited her husband who is employed at the cement works.

Mrs. Mary Schroyer is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. George Croll entertained 10 little friends on Wednesday for their daughter Etta, it being her 9th birthday anniversary.

George Harvey, of Howard, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Harvey.

Miss Florence Glenn, of Burnham, visited Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Spear on Wednesday.

Mrs. Bertha Woomer, of Mt. Eagle, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. George Bryan.

William Thomas, of Tyrone, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Fisher.

Homer McKinley, of Johnstown, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank McKinley.

Mrs. Lych Aikens spent Sunday in Orviston.

Miss June Walker, of Juniata, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. David Walker.

Quite a number of friends surprised Mrs. Frank McKinley on last Wednesday when they entertained her at her home in honor of her 74th birthday.

Mrs. Don Gilbert, of Philipsburg, is visiting Mrs. Robert Spicer.

Frank Kanar, who has been in Wilkes-Barre for several months, is at home. He expects to go to housekeeping in Bellefonte in April.

Mrs. John Furl, of Philipsburg, visited Mr. and Mrs. Alex Lucas on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Zimmerman entertained 8 little girls on Friday in honor of their little daughter Eloise's 6th birthday anniversary.

Miss Cora Jodon is spending the week in Bellefonte.

Nevin Schindler is employed at Curtis.

Miss Julia Grove is visiting in Altoona. Joseph Fisher spent Sunday in State College.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sheckler, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Sheckler.

Miss Mildred Shope spent Sunday in Lock Haven.

William Johnson is visiting George Johnson in Bellefonte.

Mr. and Mrs. John Leathers, of Mt. Eagle, have moved into the Campbell house on Water street.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Bickle have moved into the house lately occupied by William Brooks.

Pine Grove Mills.

That weather-wise little creature, the woodchuck, is making good.

Fred Bloom, who has been very ill, is convalescing.

Mack Goheen is off duty while nursing several badly maimed fingers.

Farmer George Koch is laid up with a broken leg, but is getting along as nicely as could be expected.

Miss Neete Lytle is visiting with relatives and friends in Altoona this week.

Mrs. Sallie Bloom is arranging for a visit among friends in the middle West to spend the summer.

Mrs. Joel Ferree, who has been very ill from heart trouble, is improving.

J. H. Williams and wife spent the Sabbath with friends on the Branch.

Mr. and Mrs. Curt Cronenmiller, of Patton, and Mr. and Mrs. John Lytle, of Altoona, were State College visitors the latter end of last week.

J. H. McCracken acted the part of the Good Samaritan last Saturday evening when he hauled E. L. Woomer's auto out of the snow drifts and placed it on a solid footing, thereby enabling Ed. to beat it down the pice determined not to venture out again before Memorial day.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Judy are receiving congratulations on their first born. It is a dear little daughter. Mother and little one are getting along famously.

Mrs. Mary Norris, of Clearfield, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Harnish, at Roaring Springs, this week.

Miss Eliza Moon, of Centre Hall, is spending a few weeks with her cousin, Mrs. Nan Shaw, at State College.

Mrs. R. C. Fry is in the Mountain City on a shopping expedition.

Davy Segal last week bought the Breen farm and indications are that he will hang up the saw and square and go to farming in the spring. The farm is better known as the Tyson farm near Pine Hall.

Mrs. Mary Sausserman and little Marjorie Elizabeth were visitors to the former's parental home the early part of the week.

D. B. Londer and son Ross were with in our gates Sunday and were hospitably entertained at the Dr. G. H. Woods home on Main Street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Harvey, surrounded by their children and a few friends, last Tuesday celebrated their fortieth wedding anniversary at their home on East College Avenue. They were the recipients of hearty congratulations, many friends calling during the day to extend best wishes and started them royally on their way for a Golden Jubilee in 1926.

Last Friday evening the Citizens Band of twenty pieces went to the home of their secretary, Fred Gearhart, on Chestnut Street, to remind him of his forty-third birthday anniversary. Refreshments were served and the band boys inflated the night air with choice selections. Monday evening several sled loads went to the C. M. Trostel home at White Hall for a farewell party before he and his family flitted to the Corl farm only a mile distant. The Trostels are progressive farmers and are well and favorably known in the valley. Mrs. Trostel and her assistants did their part

in filling the wants of the hungry horde with choice refreshments. On the same evening a sledding party halted at the W. G. Gardner mansion and were royally entertained.

The Bellefonte I. O. O. F. degree team made a hit last Thursday evening with their floor work in conferring the third degree on two candidates in Room 100, Horticultural Building, State College, in the presence of 250 three-link brothers representing some 20 different lodges.

The orchestra accompanying the degree team sent out sweet strains of music that won much applause from the appreciative audience. Professor Whitting, past grand, filled the chair and gave the unwritten work very effectively, and each of the members had his part well memorized. At the close of the service the members retired to the lodge room where ample refreshments were served.

E. S. Erb, past grand, acted as toastmaster and in a neat, appropriate speech heartily welcomed the visitors and other guests. He was followed by Prof. Kaufman, Prof. Whitting, Dr. J. V. Foster, Samuel D. Gettig, Dr. R. M. Krebs, George Eberhart and Edward Owens. All in all it was a very enjoyable affair.

Mt. Eagle.

Lem Womer and John Confer each shipped a car of props last week.

Last Wednesday John Leathers removed his family and shipped his household goods to Milesburg where they will reside for the present. Mother Bitner, Grandmother Hoffman, Mrs. Bertha Womer, Mrs. Art Bathurst and Mrs. J. R. Pheasant took a hand in the moving.

Mrs. William Sayres, of Marsh Creek, has moved into the house vacated by the Leathers family.

Mrs. Art Bathurst and children went to Curtis Sunday morning and spent the day with her father-in-law, Sim Bathurst.

Miss Anna Deltz and Miss Oiley, trained nurses at the Lock Haven hospital, went to Bellefonte last Wednesday and will visit there for a time with friends.

Among those on the sick list at present is Lester Leathers, who has been quite ill from the mumps but who is better just now.

Irvin Robinson, Sr., and daughter Nancy, also George Hiram, Mr. and Mrs. Roland McCartney attended the funeral of the late Miles Lucas, which was held on Sunday from the Fairview church.

Many friends mourn the death of Solomon Tice, who died last Saturday night.

George Robinson on Monday moved his family back to Snow Shoe, where he is employed in the coal mines.

Ira Robinson, who is employed at Snow Shoe, came home last Saturday night and has been ill with something like the grip.

Will Smith, tenant on the S. C. Bowers farm, was in town Sunday afternoon calling on relatives and friends.

Mrs. Joseph Dunkle and grandson took supper with Mrs. J. K. Pheasant a few evenings ago.

Roy Leathers, of Kennedy, had supper Sunday evening at the home of his brother Justice.

Mr. Hazel, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday afternoon here at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Boney.

Miss Mildred Heverly, daughter of E. E. Heverly is ill and under the care of a physician.

Market Quotations.

(Corrected by Weaver Bro. Grocers)

Butter 30
Eggs 22

Advertise in "The Republican."



FOR tennis, golf, boating or other outdoor sports, there is just one kind of trousers to consider—

Ufca trousers

Made with the greatest care. Fine cut, perfect fit and absolute ease of action. Look well-wear well. Longest wear with no repair.

Montgomery & Co.
Bellefonte - Penna.

Blanchard.

Rev. George Prentice, the new pastor of the Liberty Baptist church, preached on Sunday to a fine audience that was greatly pleased to welcome him here.

Mrs. Charles Foster and daughter Cora, of State College, visited over Sunday with the former's aunts, Miss Sadie Snyder and Mrs. Matilda Bechdel.

The Class festival held on Saturday night at the home of Mrs. Clyde Kunes was well attended and netted a nice sum for the Sabbath school.

Mrs. Sarah Smeltzer, of Howard, is spending several weeks with her cousin, Mrs. Carrie Glossner.

Mrs. George Hendricks was taken ill suddenly while at church last Sunday evening and had to be removed to her home and placed under the care of physicians. She continued to suffer considerably during the night, but is now improving.

J. E. Foresman, of Howard, was a visitor in Blanchard on Sunday.

Mrs. Edgar Morrison, of Williamsport visited her father, William Gardner, over the Sabbath.

A. R. Moon transacted business in Lock Haven on Tuesday.

Mrs. Alexander Heverly, of Bear Swamp, visited in Blanchard on Sunday and attended services at the Baptist church.

Woodward.

Porter Snyder, a young man from Pannsutawney, is paying his parents a two weeks visit.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Haines and daughter Miss Edna, accompanied by Mrs. William Fultz and daughter Miss Mabel, spent Saturday with Mrs. Haines' parents Mr. and Mrs. Auman, near Aaronsburg.

Mrs. Clayton Boob and children, from Millheim, were visitors at the home of her father, J. L. Kremer.

Mrs. Norris Kent from Milton, spent a few days last week with her parents, Mrs. and Mrs. Sarah Boob.

While chopping wood one day last week, Harry Haines had the misfortune to cut his hand.

Mrs. Phoebe Wise and son Elwood and Harry Wolfe and family spent the Sabbath at the home of the former's son, Samuel Orndorf, at Coburn.

Thirteen of the High School students of Millheim took supper at the Woodward House last Friday evening.

PINK OVERALLS NEXT

Famine in Dyestuffs Creating Serious Situation for Manufacturers.

Washington, D. C., March 8. (Special Correspondence.) Laborers look to your overalls! The dyestuffs famine is raising the price of this uniform of our industrial army to a height which will soon popularize it for evening dress in our most exclusive society.

Hon. James Hamilton Lewis, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form" of the United States Senate is expected to burst upon that august body any day attired in a suit of blue denim.

Congressman Steenerson is in receipt of a telegram from Crookston, Minn., saying that the wholesale price of ordinary overalls for workmen and laborers had been increased \$3.00 per dozen because of the shortage of blue dyes.

Congressman Green states that in the case of overalls the proportion of the value of the dye to the value of the cotton is unusually large. Several manufacturers declare that unless relief is afforded soon they may be obliged to manufacture pink overalls. What a touching sight it would be to see an army of laborers marching to the factory in the morning clad in pink panties—a pajama parade.

Dyes are used not merely in the manufacture of cloth, but in leather, furs, paper, paints, inks, and a thousand different things. Seventy per cent of the cotton crop passes through the dyers' hands. Without dyes the price of cotton drops. Wool also suffers. Hundreds of thousands of people employed in these industries must suffer if the plants can not get dyes, because prices must drop. Heretofore we have been content to depend upon Germany for dyestuffs. Trade jealousies have prevented legislation which would have started dyemaking at home, giving employment to American labor.

The German source of supply is closed. Part of her dyemaking plants are making explosives, an industry which is own brother to dyemaking, and the rest are piling up colossal stocks of colors to be dumped on our market after the war at prices which would quickly drive out of business any American who may have had the temerity to start the industry here during the war. For this reason our manufacturers want some assurance of tariff protection before they will enter the field to any considerable extent. We consume annually 30,000 tons of dyes. Since the European war began American manufacturers have started in a small way to make dyes, and today we are making at the rate of 6,500 tons annually at home. Others will enter the field if they can get protective rates of duty.

To this end Congressman E. J. Hill has introduced a bill which meets the approval of the American Chemical Society, a body of 10,000 chemists of all political beliefs. They say the Hill bill

:- EVERYTHING :-

For The Baby

Pure castile soap, talcum powder, gum nipples, rattles, nursing bottles, pacifiers, teething rings, Eskays and Mellen's food, Robinson's barley, imperial granum, Horlick's malted milk, and a great variety of standard infant remedies---When in need of anything call at

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

The *Jexall* Store

BELLEFONTE - PA.

Penny-A-Word Column

FOR RENT—Dwelling, inquire of Miss Ammerman, 21 West Bishop St.

FOR RENT—Store room, suitable for barber shop and pool room. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg, Milesburg, Pa.

FOR RENT—Store room, also two dwellings, for rent in Milesburg Borough. Inquire of Toner A. Hugg. 3-25-14.

WANTED—White Pine White Oak Beech, Birch and Maple wood. Inquire of P. B. Crider & Son Bellefonte Pa.

WANTED—A position as housekeeper, in home of widower small family. Address V. L. Blanchard, Pa.

FOR RENT—Large Brick Garage, location Main Street, Snow Shoe, Pa. Inquire of W. D. O'Brien, Snow Shoe, Pa.

FOR RENT—Mansion house on North Thomas Street, occupied by L. H. Gettig. Apply to or address Mrs. Isaac Thomas Bellefonte, Pa.

NOTICE—We will pay the highest price for 1916 Black Oak Bark. Write, phone or call for information. P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte.

WANTED—Earn \$15 to \$20 weekly addressing mailing circulars spare time; circulars, instructions, 10 cents. Mailing service, 210 Holliday building, Indianapolis, Ind.

FEMALE HELP WANTED—Good money made at home coloring art pictures; easy and pleasant work; no experience required; sample free. Wheeler & Co., Room 404—337 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN WANTED—Full time, salary \$15.00 selling Guaranteed Hosiery to wearers, 25c an hour spare time; permanent; experience unnecessary for particulars and samples address, Inter. Hosiery Mills, Norristown, Pa.

FOR SALE—High grade Holstein Friesian cows for sale, also 4 young bulls old enough for service; 4 heifers. All sired by Hoga King Clothilde No. 52325, H. F. H. B. These young cattle are 1/2 pure.—R. D. Musser, Spring Mills, Pa. Bell phone, 11—5.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample \$1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn \$12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

HELP WANTED—Guaranteed salary paid any woman to distribute hosiery to customers. Experience unnecessary, all or part time. For particulars and complete outfit address: International Mills, Dept. 2 Norristown, Pa.

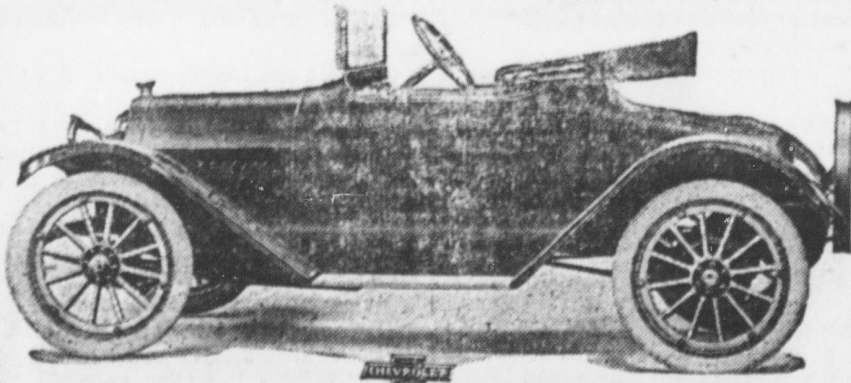
FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm \$5 cash and \$5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity. Write for photographs and full information. Manger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

HELP WANTED—Good pay—men, women, introducing hosiery direct mail to wearers, guaranteed four months. Part or all time, permanent, no experience. Liberal terms. Complete outfit. INTERNATIONAL MILLS, Penn St., Norristown, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED—\$50.00 weekly easy. 90% profit on every dollar. No deliveries. New, unique, fascinating business. Everything furnished free. No money required. Experience unnecessary. Write quick. Ira Seymour, Mgr., Springfield, O.

MALE HELP WANTED—"Astonishing money maker, new original fascinating plan introducing home supplies, factory to consumer. \$25.00 weekly, easy. Write for terms and free goods, offer quickly." Rider Mfg. Co., Dept. 300, Coshocton, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED—\$25 to \$50 Weekly in a business of your own. Don't be an Agent. Start in the Gold, Silver, Nickel etc. Plating Business. Prof. Gray's outfits are practical and complete. Work easy, profit enormous. Every family, restaurant, shop has tableware, jewelry, metal goods of all kinds to be re-plated. Every other business over-crowded—no plating shops. A grand opening in your section. Will you grasp it? Address today. GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 150 Gray Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.



"Four Ninety" Chevrolet \$550 Electrically Equipped
The Lowest Priced Real Automobile Yet Produced

"Baby Grand" Chevrolet \$750 Completely Equipped
A Car of Demonstrated Superiority

The appearance, performance, construction and economy of these cars invite your most exacting investigation—The more rigorous and thorough the investigation, the more convinced you'll be of their superiority. Ask one who has driven a Chevrolet.

Display, Information, Demonstration
NITTANY GARAGE - State College, Pa.

Bereaved

A Drama of Mexico

By F. A. MITCHEL

Ever since the revolution in Mexico that deposed Porfirio Diaz that country has been in a state of ferment and has kept the people of the United States in a fever of anxiety. During the rule of President Huerta I, being of an inquiring disposition, concluded to go down there and see for myself what kind of people the Mexicans are.

Passing over the border line of Texas, I entered rural Mexico and moved on southward, intending to visit the capital. There were then the Huerta, the Carranza and the Villa factions, all struggling for the upper hand. The frightful condition of the country did not prevent the people from enjoying such amusements as they could get. I stopped one evening for the night in a little cluster of houses—it could not be dignified by the name of town—and, hearing that a dance was to be given in the dining room of the tavern where I put up, I was curious to see how people could make merry while their country was in a state of anarchy.

When the dancing began I took a chair on the veranda where I could look through an open window upon the dancers. The effect was heightened by the picturesque costumes of both the men and the women. The merry-makers came from the country round about, being made up of all sorts of persons, from the hacendado, or farmer, to the soldier, who made his living by fighting for some one of the factions struggling for the supremacy. Not only was the soldier present, but his wife and his daughters, for an army in Mexico is accompanied by the families of the soldiers.

I was much interested in watching these people. Among the better grade I noticed a young couple who, it was evident, were lovers. The man was a handsome fellow dressed in the costume of a hacendado, composed of tight trousers with a row of buttons on each leg, where a soldier's stripe is usually placed; a fancy waistcoat and a short jacket, also having a profusion of buttons. The girl wore the Mexican bodice and the jacket decorated with gold braid.

I could not help contrasting the happiness beaming in the faces of these two young people with the cloud that hung over their country. They danced every dance together. While I was watching them a man came up behind me, and I felt that he was looking over my shoulder. I moved aside not to obstruct his view and at the same time turned my head to have a look at him.

I judged that he was connected with one of the various armies or bands which were sucking the lifeblood of Mexico. A more villainous face I never saw on a man. His eyes were following the couple that interested me, and as he watched his frown deepened. He stood only a few minutes looking at them, then went away.

At the end of each dance a number of the dancers came out on to the veranda to be refreshed by the cooler air outside. During one of these intervals a sharp report suddenly sounded at the other end of the veranda. I saw those who were inside start for the exit nearest to the point from which the sound came, and those on the veranda turned and hurried in that direction. I, too, arose and went to see what had happened.

A crowd had gathered about something or some one, but I could not see beyond the onlookers. When finally I succeeded in doing so I saw lying on the floor the young man I had been observing within, while the girl with whom he had danced was kneeling beside him moaning piteously. He had been shot and was dying.

Within half an hour the dance had been resumed, and, judging by the gaiety, one would not have suspected that the life of one of the company had been just snuffed out. I turned away from the scene, went as far from it as I could and waited for the house to become quiet that I might go to bed.

I did not get away from the place the next day. I had come to Mexico from curiosity, and I did not like to move on without learning more of the tragedy a part of which I had witnessed. I inquired who had done the shooting and was informed that a man who belonged to a Villa force in the neighborhood was the culprit. The young farmer who was killed was an advocate of Huerta. This is all the information I could elicit, but I inferred much more. I believed that the murderer coveted the girl who had given her heart to the farmer.

I lounged at the tavern during the day, uncertain as to just when I would move on southward. During the afternoon, while strolling among the houses that composed the place, I met the man who had looked in at the window at the dancers. I knew him to be the murderer and was surprised to see him still near the scene of his cowardly act. But I was destined to still further surprise. I saw him approach a house and walk up and down under a window.

They have a custom in Mexico called "playing the bear." When a man wishes to court a girl he takes position under her window and walks back and forth till either he gets a sign from her or gives up his attempt to win her. If he receives encouragement he proceeds step by step till he forms her

acquaintance and makes formal application for her hand.

I had read of this custom, but had never seen an instance of it. I surmised that the man might be wooing according to the Mexican custom. I could see him from the tavern veranda, and, going there, I took a seat in order to observe what would follow. While doing so the landlord came out on to the veranda, and, pointing to the walking man, I asked him what he was doing.

"He is the man who shot the hacendado last night. The girl who was robbed of her sweetheart lives there. The man is probably trying to see her and ask her forgiveness."

An hour had passed from the time I had first seen the man walking under the window when a figure of a woman appeared within the house. The walker stopped, and I saw that he was speaking. The woman came to the window, and the sunlight falling upon her, I recognized the young girl who had been robbed of her lover. I wondered if the murderer could obtain forgiveness so soon after the tragedy.

The two talked together for some time; then the man held his hand up to the window. After some delay the girl took it, but I fancied I could see her shudder. A few more words between them and the man went away. He passed the veranda near where I sat, and I saw an unmistakable look of triumph on his face.

Interested in the drama which was being enacted before me, I determined to remain where I was till the last act had been played. I wondered if the girl, actuated by religious motives, had felt constrained to forgive the slayer of her lover. Had it not been for the triumphant look on the man's face as he passed me I would not have dreamed of anything more than this. But I had discovered that the Mexicans are a strange people, and one cannot in any great tell what a woman is going to do. Was it possible that this man, like King Richard III, would win her whose lover he had slain?

I had seen no sign of a burial of the first love and did not think it possible that the girl could take another until the body had been laid away. What, then, was my surprise when just before dark I saw the murderer approach the house where the bereaved girl lived and stand under her window? Presently she came out of the door, joined him, and they walked away together.

I confess that, though by this time I was prepared for almost anything in Mexico, I could not believe what my eyes revealed to me. I wished that I might follow the couple and see what occurred between them, though I shrank from witnessing a girl throwing her self into the arms of a man who had only the night before shot down in cold blood the man she loved.

I lit a cigar and sat smoking on the veranda. The twilight faded; the stars came out. All about me was so peaceful that I could not realize I was in a country torn with anarchy and a great part of it in the hands of robber bands; that within twenty-four hours I had witnessed an instance of the desperate conditions of the country. But my mind was ever on the couple I had seen go out into the darkness. I thought of the lover of the evening before, a smile on his handsome lips returned by one of those of the girl he loved, now lying cold in death in one of the houses within the range of my vision, while the girl he loved had gone with his murderer.

It was quite dark, 9 o'clock perhaps, when, tired of sitting, I arose to stretch my legs. I walked down a roadway on which the two persons I had been watching had disappeared. Suddenly a figure, a woman's figure, flitted by me. She was moving rapidly, and I got a glimpse only of something white. And yet I was impressed with the idea that it was the girl who had lost her lover. If so, where was the man with whom she had set out?

Believing that nothing more of the drama which was unfolding would be revealed to me that night, I returned to the tavern and went to bed.

In the morning everything about me was still peaceful. The inhabitants of the place went about their daily vocations as usual. If there was war in the neighborhood it was too far distant to be heard. Still I refrained from leaving the place without more information as to what interested me. I determined to remain where I was until the climax.

In the afternoon occurred a simple funeral of the murdered man. The chief mourner was the girl who had been bereaved. The murderer was not in evidence at any time during the day. The poor girl was supported by her mother and attended by a few friends. I went into the tavern and asked the landlord what had become of the soldier.

"He was found this morning, not far from here, stabbed to the heart," was the reply.

"Who killed him?" I asked.

The landlord shrugged his shoulders and said that this was not known.

The climax to my drama had been played. Whether any one knew who had killed the soldier I do not know to this day. One thing I know. I saw him go out into the darkness with the girl whose life he had blighted, and I saw her come back without him.

The curtain had fallen; the audience—myself—had seen the play. There was nothing more for me but to move on. The death of a man shot down in the interval between two dances had not ruffled the tranquillity of the hamlet, nor had the finding of the body of his murderer twenty-four hours later any noticeable effect. What were these two lives in a land where bloodshed is the order of the day?

My curiosity as to Mexico had been satisfied. Instead of going on down to the capital I turned about and journeyed back toward home.

THE QUEER HINDUS

They Rival the Chinese In Their Odd Ideas and Customs.

CASTE RULES THE SERVANT.

He Doesn't Like Work, Anyhow, and Generally Finds a Way to Dodge It. Playing the Stringed Vina Is a Species of Unmusical Torture.

I had thought China was a queer place and that the Chinese had queer customs, but China can't entertain on the same afternoon with India. If some one had told me about their manners and customs before I got to India I would have laughed courteously and set him down in my little book. There are some things that a Hindu will do and some that he will not do. Work is placed prominently on the latter list.

One thing that a Hindu will not do is to play on a flute. He would rather go to the flogging post than dash off a selection on a flute. But he will play a stringed instrument, called a vina, similar to the instrument played by David in the text of Saul. This instrument looks as if it had originally been intended for a carpet stretcher, but had fallen into the hands of a musically inclined person who had borrowed a couple of piano wires and was determined to lower rents. After hearing an able-bodied Hindu pick on an instrument of this kind one can't help wishing that they would put it in the same class with the flute.

A Hindu's idea of music is to make all the noise he can. He doesn't care anything about time or rhythm. All his energy is expended in volume. Hindu musicians are all large, splendidly muscled fellows, who play as if they were going to a gymnasium regularly. When one hears them playing on a vina one can't help wondering how David ever came to make such an impression on Saul.

As soon as I got to India I hired a valet. It sounds mighty big—until you know what you have to pay a "boy" in India. A servant is called a "boy" even though he has whiskers and grandchildren. He said that his name was Thumbo Ramalingum, or words to that effect. I couldn't remember the last consignment, so I called him Thumb, and for days I longed to ask if there was a finger in his family.

He wore a skirt and a sheet twisted around his head. He was to be my waiter, for in India you have to furnish your own table boy. When you go to spend a day or two with a friend you always take your own boy along to wait on you. My boy was to mend my clothes, black my shoes, get my bath water ready and hold my shirt. The way he talked I wasn't to do anything except open my mail, put my feet on the table and enjoy life. But I soon found out that his idea and mine differed quite widely as to what enjoyment life was.

A few minutes before the first meal he suddenly appeared, a bit flushed, and explained that he was of too high caste to wait on table. I tried to show him that it was an honor to be a good and efficient table waiter, but he wouldn't budge a step—he'd rather starve than wait on table. So I had to look around and hustle up another boy to do that part of the work. Every time I wanted him to do anything it was against his caste. His caste seemed to have a special enmity toward all work. When I wanted him to carry my bags he begged leave to be excused, as his caste didn't allow him to do such menial work, and when I gave him my shoes to be blacked he looked at me in horror. It was expressly against his caste to touch leather—a product of the sacred cow.

One day when I told him to pick the hairs out of my brush he looked at me sadly and then began to tell me about a nephew that had suddenly departed this flesh and would be so kind as to give half a rupee to the grief-stricken father and the other half to the inconsolable uncle. That was more than I could stand, and on the spot I told him that he was discharged, fired, and to get out as fast as he could.

"Thank you, sahib, thank you," said Thumb with a profound salute.

I told him that he needn't thank me for firing him, but he only bowed his head and thanked me more profusely than ever. His gratitude was as pronounced as if I had given him a rupee.

"Will you give me a recommendation kindly for the good boy I have been, sahib?"

After what a poor servant he had been, that was the last straw. It would be underhanded to foist him off on somebody else, and then suddenly I saw a way out. "Yes," I agreed enthusiastically, and I wrote for him.

The bearer of this note with the unpronounceable name has been in my employ for two weeks. During this time I have aged perceptibly. He is a servant of caste, but he never lets work interfere with his caste. When he came to me he was a man of family, but at the rate which his family has been depleted I doubt if he has left more than enough children to last out a week. You will find him especially good at getting your shirt studs in backward and at pulling off the tips of your shoestrings.

Thumb, who made pretense of being an English scholar, read the recommendation carefully, but his mastery of words was such that he could not quite follow the meaning.

"Thank you, sahib, thank you," he said, too proud to admit that it was not clear to him. "It will be of great help to me."

"And to the other fellow, too," I said as he saluted and passed out of my life.—Homer Croy in Leslie's.

HIS BLOOD PURIFIER

By M. QUAD

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A dilapidated looking old man, who was chewing sassafras root with great energy, suddenly appeared in the waiting room of the depot across the river, and as he approached a man who was waiting for the western train he pulled a bottle of liquid from an old satchel in his hand and said:

"My friend, you are looking yellier about the eyes, which is a sure sign that your blood is in a bad state. One bottle of my blood purifier will restore you to health and vigor."

"Don't want it, sir," was the reply.

"All right, mister, all right. If a fellow wants to keep on looking yellier about the eyes when a pannycia is at hand, that's his own business. 'Long about the middle of April you'll be on your back with a spell of bilious fever, but you needn't lay it up agin me."

The next person approached was a severe looking woman about thirty-five years old, who was probably an old maid.

"Them yellier streaks at the corners of your mouth denote a torpid liver, ma'am," said the man as he gave the bottle a shake. "Something right here to improve your looks 50 per cent."

"Sir," she demanded in icy tones.

"Only 50 cents a bottle, ma'am, and made right in my own house from herbs and roots gathered by my own hands. Just opened the campaign, and it's only 50 cents a bottle."

"Go away, sir," she commanded.

"Don't want any at all, eh?"

"No, sir."

"All right, madam, all right. Torpid liver may be a good thing to have about the house, but I don't think so. Here's your pannycia, and if you don't want it I can't compel you to buy it."

The third passenger was a man with a marked redness about the nose and rough spots on his face. He was busy with a newspaper when the old man approached with:

"One bottle will cure that nose or your money returned."

"What! What's that?" demanded the man.

"And the second bottle will cure all those rough spots."

"Look a-here, you old reprobate! What are you driving at anyhow?"

"I am selling a blood purifier, made of roots and herbs. It's a little early perhaps, but I want to get the start of the buckwheat scratchers. Are you a drinking man or not?"

"Do you mean to insult me to my face, sir? Why, I'll punch your head off."

"Wouldn't do no good, sir. Here's the only genuine blood purifier in the country, and last year I sold 7,000 bottles of it. Invigorates the liver, tones up the blood, and if I can't cure that nose of yours I don't want a cent."

"I'll purify you, you old assassin!" said the man as he started to take off his coat. But just then a policeman came up and told the old man he must get out.

"And not sell a bottle of my blood purifier in this crowd!" he loudly asked.

"Come, out you go!" said the officer.

"And you don't want a bottle for yourself? You're not a jamaica-look, and this medicine will cure it in five big doses."

He was led out and told not to re-enter the depot. But he stood at the door and said to the policeman:

"All right, officer, all right. If the people don't want my blood purifier they needn't have it. It's the season to purify, but I never go agin the law, and if there is a rampage of bilious fever don't say I wasn't around with my pannycia at regular price."

The officer made a move for him, and the old man ambled off down the street to the corner. There stood a man beside the lamp post with deep trouble in his looks and bearing, and after a moment he was addressed with:

"If I ever saw a man who needed it you are the critter!"

"Are you talking to me, sir?" was queried in reply, but the man looked straight across the street.

"Right to you, my friend. You are almost on your dying bed, but there is one hope. It is my blood purifier. It has cured when the doctor pronounced the patient dead. Get a dose down you at once!"

"Thanks, but I cannot change the program now."

"I'll give you the first dose without charge."

But the old man saw a patrolman plunging across the street to gather him in, and he made his escape to stop a fat pedestrian at the end of the block and say:

"My dear sir, you are fat and look the picture of health, but is it solid fat or blot?"

"What do you mean by addressing such a question to me, sir?" was sternly replied.

"If it's blot, sir, I have that which will take it away."

"By thunder, you old cuss!"—

But the patrolman had followed along and now came up and demanded if the old man had a license to peddle. As he didn't he was placed under arrest, and as he was walked away he asked:

"I ain't kicking any, but I want you to do me a favor."

"Well?"

"Take me before some judge who's got a plain case of the janders and who'll let me pay my fine in the only reliable blood purifier ever invented by a human man!"

And perhaps the exchange was made.

Daisy's Hero

He Proved, Too, He Was a Real One

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mrs. Howard glanced apprehensively toward the row of steamer chairs where her pretty daughter, Daisy, was engaged in animated conversation with a good looking, athletic young man.

"Daisy is so imprudent," murmured Daisy's mother as she neared the chairs. "There is poor Hal eating his heart out, and that naughty girl is devoting herself to young Pearson!"

She smiled coldly at Ben Pearson as he arose promptly at her approach and arranged her chair. When she was seated and the rug tucked about her feet Mrs. Howard glanced significantly at Daisy.

"My dear, did you know that Hal was waiting for you? You promised to play accompaniments for him."

"Oh, mother, I forgot all about it!" cried Daisy as she arose and settled the blue cloth cap on her bright hair. "Mr. Pearson was describing the great Yale-Harvard game—you know he was halfback on the football team!" Daisy cast an admiring glance at Pearson's broad shoulders.

Mrs. Howard smiled perfunctorily, and she was nettled to observe that Ben Pearson accompanied Daisy in her search for Hal Denison. Just as she was congratulating herself that this Mediterranean tour, with all its pleasant intimacy of ship life, must bring about an engagement between Daisy and Hal Denison, the son of her old friend, way, who should appear but this football hero, Ben Pearson, and promptly put poor Hal out of the running.

Why they called Hal Denison Poor Hal one could not tell, for, although he was not big and brawny like Ben Pearson, he was not frail looking unless one especially noted the intellectual face which had a certain delicacy of feature and expression. Otherwise, although Hal Denison was small in stature, he was wiry and strong. He had never gone in for athletics. He was a musician, and even now there came the dreamy strains of "La Sereenade" as he played on his violin to Daisy's sympathetic accompaniment.

Later the music ceased for awhile, and then Pearson's deep bass voice was heard booming forth popular songs.

Dusk was settling down over the sea when Daisy came along the deck quite alone and slipped into her chair with unusual quietness.

"Hal played beautifully, my dear," murmured Mrs. Howard sleepily.

"I suppose so, mother," returned Daisy; then, hesitatingly, she added, "You don't like Mr. Pearson, do you?"

"I don't admire him, my dear, but I cannot say that I dislike him," returned Mrs. Howard.

"I like him very much," said Daisy simply.

"Not better than Hal?" demanded Mrs. Howard, throwing caution to the winds.

Daisy hesitated, and that instant's hesitation told Mrs. Howard that the girl's love was wavering between the two men. Which would she choose? There was little doubt, for Daisy was a hero worshiper, and she plainly admired the burly football player.

"Oh, mother," she cried impulsively, "you know I'm fond of Hal, but he's—more like a girl, don't you know—quiet and dreamy and fond of simple things. One could not imagine Hal doing anything heroic, now, could one?"

"Some people rather thought it was heroic for Hal to give his cousin Ned three-quarters of their uncle's estate, when the uncle had purposely cut Ned off in a moment of anger; that's an example of moral courage. It was courageous of blood in an effort to save his brother's life three years ago. In my opinion, Hal Denison is a hero."

"But, mother, dear, that is all very well, but that isn't the sort of courage I mean. There is a certain charm in physical courage, don't you know. Jeopardizing one's life to save that of another. I couldn't imagine Hal doing that."

"How about giving his blood for his brother? He has never been as well since then."

"I know, but the kind of heroism that I mean is born of an impulse, the sort that leaps to stop a runaway horse, that plunges overboard to save a drowning person. Oh, you know!"

Mrs. Howard smiled.

"A spectacular heroism," she said dryly.

"I can't imagine Hal doing anything of that sort," went on Daisy. "He is so deliberate in all his actions. He would want to stop and think the matter over—whether there might not be a safe and sane way of accomplishing the end. Do you know, mother, that Mr. Pearson has saved eight people from drowning in the past ten years?"

"I didn't know it, Daisy, but I am sure it is a very creditable record. Did he tell you of his acts of heroism?"

"Now, Mother Howard!" Daisy laughed rather shamefacedly. "He did tell me, but only because I urged him to do so. I love heroism."

Mrs. Howard arose and prepared to go below.

"Come, dear; we must dress for dinner. Remember, Daisy, that there are more unrecorded heroes in the world's history than otherwise."

And Daisy, still doubting her mother's judgment, went down to dinner quite unconvinced that there could be

any lurking heroism in the quiet personality of Hal Denison.

For several days after that there was bad weather, and many of the passengers were compelled to remain in their staterooms. Among these latter were Mrs. Howard and Hal Denison, who declared himself a fair weather sailor.

But Daisy Howard and Ben Pearson braved the inclemency of the weather and the rain swept decks, and each day found them pacing to and fro, discussing a thousand and one topics, but usually swinging back to that most interesting one, absorbing alike to the young man and the girl, the heroic adventures of Mr. Benjamin Pearson.

There came a day when the party landed at the island of Capri to visit the famous grottoes. Somehow Ben Pearson had attached himself to Mrs. Howard's party, and it had become customary now for Ben to escort Daisy Howard on these excursions, while Mrs. Howard and Hal Denison followed in the rear.

Pearson had visited the island the previous year, and he had much to relate of an adventure that befell the party of which he was a member. He told the story modestly enough, but it had the invariable ending. A child had fallen from one of the rocks into a deep, silent pool. He, Pearson, had plunged into the icy depths and restored the child to its mother's arms.

"This is the very spot," said Pearson, pointing before him.

Daisy looked. She glimpsed the dark blue water, still and icy. A glance over her shoulder showed that the other members of the party had gone on to another grotto. Only her mother and Hal Denison were near. Daisy turned her head toward Pearson, and her lips parted in a dazzling smile.

At that moment her foot slipped, and with a little cry of terror she caught herself, stumbled, and then plunged down into the icy pool.

As she disappeared Ben Pearson rushed frantically up and down the brink of the pool and roared for help.

Mrs. Howard swooned away, and Hal Denison, tossing aside hat and coat, poised on the edge of the pool and then dived down. When he came up he brought the girl with him, dripping wet and shivering with cold, but quite conscious.

Hal's face was white and stern as he disdained Pearson's hastily offered assistance, and somehow he scrambled upon the rocks and bore Daisy to safety.

His shouts brought the guide and other members of the party, and, having administered restoratives and borrowed a steamer rug from a rheumatic old gentleman, he wrapped Daisy in it and, lifting her easily in his arms, bore her to a fisherman's hut on the shore.

Mrs. Howard, having been restored to consciousness, followed on the arm of one of the men, and soon she was assisting her daughter to dry her garments before a roaring fire in the fisherman's cottage.

Daisy was very pale and silent, and Hal Denison was equally reticent. Mrs. Howard, noticing that Hal was dripping wet and shivering with cold, insisted that they return to the tourist steamer at once, so that the young man might be put under the care of the ship's doctor. As for Daisy, she appeared in her normal health when she was arrayed in the picturesque gait attire of the fisherman's daughter. As for Marta, the slim, dark eyed girl, she wept with delight over the gold pieces which Mrs. Howard had given her in exchange for the garments and declared that they would buy her wedding clothes.

Once on board the Celeste, Mrs. Howard placed Hal in the care of the doctor and was relieved that he would suffer no more than a severe cold as a consequence of his heroic deed.

As for Mr. Ben Pearson, he had quite disappeared from the view of the Howard party, and it was several days afterward that Mrs. Howard espied him gloomily patrolling the deck alone.

Daisy was below in the library, reading to Hal Denison.

Presently Ben Pearson approached Mrs. Howard with unusual diffidence in his manner.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Howard," he said quite humbly. "But I would like to make an explanation."

"Yes?" asked Mrs. Howard coolly.

"About the other day at the grotto?"

"Indeed?"

"I suppose you were quite surprised that I did not jump in and rescue Miss Howard at once. You may have observed that I'm hard hit with Miss Daisy. I think there's no one like her, and I'd like to believe that she owed her life to me. But—" He reddened uncomfortably and looked over the side at the swiftly rushing water.

"But?" prompted Mrs. Howard kindly.

"But, you see, I can't swim a stroke!" he confessed.

"Oh-h-h!" It was Daisy's voice in horrified wonder. She had come up just in time to hear his confession.

"It is true," he said doggedly.

"Then the eight lives you saved that summer—and?"

"All bunkum!" he interrupted, turning on his heel and walking away.

Daisy's eyes filled with tears. "Mother," she said humbly, "he's not only a coward, but he is a liar as well! I tumbled into the pool to prove to you and Hal that my hero was a hero indeed. But what a poor hero! When I opened my eyes and saw poor Hal's face and felt his arms bearing me out of that icy water I realized that here was my hero, modest and unassuming, but ready when the supreme moment came."

"Where is your hero now, dear?" asked Mrs. Howard quietly.

"Down in the library, mother, waiting. I have promised to be his wife, and he is waiting for your blessing!"

SNYDER FOUGHT PRESS MUZZLER

Auditor General Candidate Was Ardent Champion For Newspapers.

HE HAS AN EXCELLENT RECORD AS A LEGISLATOR

Noteworthy Deeds Include Constant Work for Schools of State, Consistent Friendship for Labor Legislation and the Advocacy of Acts Beneficial to Agricultural Sections—Always Recognized as a Senator Who is Independent in His Relations With Colleagues—Looks Like a Sure Winner.

Harrisburg, March 7.—With the primary election somewhat over two months off the indications are that Hon. Charles A. Snyder, of Schuylkill will capture the Republican nomination for auditor general. Reports from every section of Pennsylvania show that Senator Snyder's strength is general in character and that his candidacy is being supported by Republicans of all factions and elements.



SENATOR CHARLES A. SNYDER
Candidate For Auditor General

Republicans everywhere recognize the wave that has set in for Snyder and they, therefore, are anxious that he occupy a place on the ticket in November. He is a wonderful campaigner and during the short time he has been visiting different counties he is making an unusually good impression among voters. It is predicted that Snyder's majority at the primaries will be at least 75,000 and may run to the 100,000 mark.

It is not strange that Senator Snyder should hold a warm spot in the hearts of the great body of electors in Pennsylvania. His record since he entered public life is such as to commend him to every decent, honest and fair-minded citizen. As a member of the house and as a state senator he always asserted his right to defend what he believed to be correct and oppose what he knew to be wrong. He was open to conviction at all times, but argument would have to be supplemented with facts before he changed front.

Often the statement is heard around the senate chamber that Snyder has taken a position on a proposition and cannot be moved. No influence of the ordinary political kind aways him, as he is entirely independent in his relations and would move more readily at the suggestion of the humblest of his constituents than to please a powerful colleague who might occupy an adjoining seat.

It would require columns to set forth details of Senator Snyder's work in the house and senate since he first entered the legislative halls at Harrisburg. Not a single adverse criticism can be honestly made against him, for though he might have erred occasionally, it is not too much to say that his record on important legislation is as good as any of the hundreds of other legislators he sat with since 1903.

Senator Snyder won distinction the first session he entered the house by his opposition to the press muzzler bill. He always believed in a free press, and when the act to stifle the newspapers and make them mere adjuncts to a political machine was proposed the representative from Schuylkill was one of the first to voice opposing views. The fact that this muzzler was afterwards repealed is the best proof that Snyder's fight on the bill was justified. In this same session he voted for an eight-hour day for miners and, also, favored every measure offered in the interest of labor. He was the author of a bill giving small merchants exemption from taxes.

If there is anything in Senator Snyder's commendable record that stands out most prominently it is his long and unceasing labors for the public schools and the public school teachers. The first day he entered the house of representatives he presented a bill fixing the minimum salary at \$35 per month. This bill upon its passage raised the salary of 22,000 teachers in the state from \$10 to \$15 per month. The following session he introduced the first school code bill and it was this measure that blazed the way for the present school laws.

When re-elected in 1907, the then Representative Snyder put in another minimum salary bill for teachers, and to get it through required one of the most bitter fights of the session. But finally he succeeded in the difficult task and the act went on the statute books. By the provisions of this bill \$40 was fixed as the minimum and \$50 when a teacher serves a certain number of years. School teachers throughout the state agree that this was one of the greatest achievements in years and it impelled large county institutes to pass resolutions thanking Snyder for his constant and persistent service in behalf of the common school teachers.

In 1907 he re-introduced the school code and continued to work for it until finally his work was rewarded some sessions later by the new collation and revision of those laws going on the law books. It was Senator Snyder who put the code through the senate in 1911.

The name of Snyder has always been linked with school legislation, and every session he fights for larger appropriations for schools and other remedial legislation pertaining to that subject. He was a strong advocate of the bill requiring that playgrounds be attached to every school house and that the sanitary condition of schools be looked into periodically. That Governor Brumbaugh, while head of the Philadelphia schools and a member of the commission to revise and amend the school laws became familiar with Snyder's work, is best shown by the following excerpt from a letter Dr. Brumbaugh wrote to Senator Snyder: "The whole state has a high appreciation of your splendid work for education as a member of the legislature."

On labor bills Senator Snyder's record is without a flaw. In 1905 and subsequent sessions he voted for all the labor bills presented by the miners' committee and in that session proposed an employers' liability bill. Two years later he worked hard for the Casey liability bill and was one of the three members to vote against convict labor.

Senator Snyder was the leader of the fight to have the state purchase lands for forestry, an act of great importance and benefit to agricultural sections. Other bills of state-wide interest in which he took a conspicuous part in enacting or advocating were the following: Forestry schools, commission form of government for third class cities, state firemen's association relief bill, Catlin bill for miners, trolley freight, mothers' pension, soldiers' pension bill, return of personal property tax to counties, bills perfecting the department of labor and industry and establishing employment bureaus.

Hank Elwood's Conversion

By EDITH V. ROSS

Hank Elwood one evening stood at the door of his house looking out on his broad acres. There were the farm, well stocked, and crops just springing from the ground; there was the house, well furnished for one of its kind. But Hank was the only person in it.

Hank had always so far fought shy of women. He was not a student of feminine human nature, and he thought all single women did little else than set snares for unmarried men. But he felt lonely.

"I'd ought to have a woman," he said to himself. "But what am I going to find one? Besides, women are a rantankerous lot, and I dunno but if I should get one I'd wish I hadn't."

But Hank was desperate. He went down to Mrs. Blakeley's, an excellent friend of his, and said to her:

"Moll, I want you to find me a wife. I'll tell you just what kind of a gal I want. She must be—"

"Hank," interrupted his friend, "if I'm going to recommend a gal to you you'd better take her on my say so. You don't know anything about women."

"Don't? I know enough to keep clear of one of the kind to slobber all over a man before she's married and after the knot's tied to jump on him and boss the whole job."

"Oh, you do, do you? Well, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'm expectin' a niece of mine from the east to visit me next week. You kin come in here as much as you like while she's here, and mebbe you can git her. She wants to git married powerful bad. But it's my opinion you'd better let me pick out a woman for you and go in blind on my recommendation."

"Reckon I'll come in and see your niece. If nothin' comes of it mebbe I'll try your plan."

When the niece came she proved to be a strapping lass, with a pair of rosy cheeks, and she made a dead set for Hank. Her voice was a low contralto, sometimes with the tone of a man's. She was rather awkward, and her hair was short, which she explained by stating that she had had a fever and it had all come out.

"What do you think of her?" asked Mrs. Blakeley.

"I think she'd make a good farmer's wife," replied Hank. "She isn't one of the kind to sit round and look purty. Them hands of hers are specially fitted for milkin', and washin' dishes wouldn't spoil 'em."

"How about her disposition?"

"I hain't had time yet to make no observations as to that, but she seems to be good natured enough. What do you think of her?"

"I? I thought you was to decide the matter for yourself, you know so much about women. What use would it be for me to tell you she wasn't the kind of a woman you want? Would you pay any attention to me?"

Hank admitted that he had confidence in himself in knowing what he liked and what he didn't like, but if there was any defect in the girl he saw no reason why he should not be informed of it.

"There's nothin' the matter with her, so far as I know," was the noncommittal reply. But Hank did not consider it noncommittal. He made up to Lizzie, as her aunt called her, and did a bit of courting, but he found her coy and not disposed to permit him to be familiar.

"She's the gal for me," said Hank to the aunt one day. "I tried to kiss her, and she wouldn't let me do it. There's safety in that kind of a gal. After a man's married to her he don't always feel unsartin about her every time a good lookin' man comes round."

"That's all bosh," said his friend.

Hank, finding that Lizzie would not permit cooing, assumed that he must first make his intentions known. He was in a hurry to get some one into his home and was much pleased with her. One evening he called at Mrs. Blakeley's. The aunt was washing dishes and the niece was wiping them. On Hank's arrival Lizzie threw down her dishcloth, took off her kitchen apron and joined the visitor on the porch. Mrs. Blakeley went on with her work. Lizzie had been with Hank a few minutes when her aunt heard her break out into a guffaw.

"Aunt Moll," she cried, "what dy'e think? Mr. Elwood wants me to marry him."

The woman went outside. Lizzie had lifted her skirts above her knees, showing a pair of trousers under them, and was responding to the proposal by a clog dance.

"Reckon you don't know so much about women, Hank, as you think you do. Lizzie is a boy."

Whereupon Lizzie took off the rest of her feminine apparel and appeared as a youth of eighteen.

Hank stood looking on this exhibition for a few minutes appalled. Then turning on his heel he went back to his farm.

It was weeks before he came to see his friend Moll Blakeley again; then he said to her:

"I give in, Moll. I don't know nothin' about women. I'm powerful lonesome at the farm. Get me a wife."

"I don't need to git you one. There's Sallie Perkins, the best woman I know, has been wantin' you for a couple o' years."

"How do you know that?"

"No matter how I know it. If you want a mighty good wife go for her."

Hank took his friend's advice and has been very happy ever since.

MAKING FELT HATS

The Process From Raw Material to Finished Product.

MANY BRANDS OF FUR USED.

Ingenious Methods by Which the Pelts Are Cleaned and the Various Grades of Hair Are Mixed and Worked Into the Required Shape.

One of the very interesting exhibits in the division of textiles of the National museum at Washington shows clearly just how such hats are made—from the fur to the finished product—and includes many of the latest and most popular styles ready to wear, as well as special shapes manufactured for particular foreign markets. The exhibit is accompanied with photographs illustrating scenes in the factory of one of the largest and best known American hat manufacturers. These enable the observer to connect the materials, apparatus and finished products shown into a tangible story.

In the manufacture of one of the most popular brands of American hats the fur of North American beaver, South American nutria, Saxony hare and English and Scotch cone are used. When the pelts of these animals are received at the factory they are first washed with whale oil soap, after which the long, coarse hairs are removed, since they would tend to make the felt too rough. The skins are then treated with nitrate of mercury, a process called "carroting," which gives the fur its "feeling properties," making it knit together when hot water and pressure are applied. The skins are then brushed by a machine which removes all the dust and other foreign substances.

The skin next goes to a cutting machine, where revolving shears strip away the fur, cutting it so close that it appears to have been shaved off. From this machine the fur is carried away on an endless belt or apron, on which it lies complete, just as it was

in the pelt, and it is hard to realize that the skin below has actually been removed. This is to facilitate the work of the sorters who select from the belt as it passes them just the parts desired for various grades of hats. The sorting is according to color and quality, each sorter selecting a different part, such as the side or back, suitable for a particular grade of hat.

Although cleaned, carroting and sorted, the fur is by no means ready for use. It has to be seasoned, just like lumber, and is stored until ready for use. Some manufacturers have a million or two dollars' worth of fur seasoning in storage. When the fur is properly seasoned it is mixed in certain proportions to produce the desired texture and color, and from here on the work is not done mechanically but by hand, being mainly a question of art and skill. After various portions of different kinds of fur have been selected the actual mixing is done by a machine which blows them about in various compartments until the blending is perfectly even.

A certain amount of fur is then weighed out, according to the weight of the hat to be made, and blown upon a copper cone perforated with many thousand tiny holes, so that it looks like a sieve. The cone is about three feet in height and as wide at the base. An exhaust fan operates inside and below the cone so that the air and fur are drawn from the outside. The air passes through the openings, but the fine particles of fur stick and cover the whole surface.

The cone holding the film of fur is inclosed in a snugly fitting jacket and lowered into a vat of boiling water. This develops the felting properties of the fur, the particles of which mat and lock together, enabling the thin, delicate film of wet fur to be lifted from the cone. The resulting cone of fur is a very delicate embryo hat, except as to size; in that respect it might be the hat for a giant.

A bundle of about twelve of these large forms is rolled in a wet condition until the fibers knit together slightly, giving the hats hardness and strength. Then they are put into a

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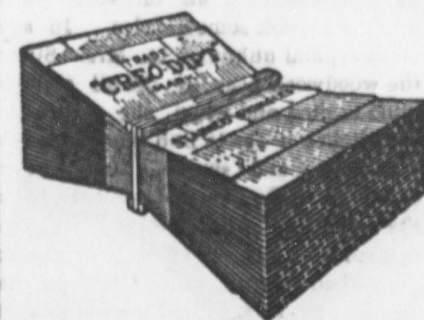
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stiffening bottle, where they are shrunk in hot water, beaten and manipulated until they are between ten and fourteen inches in diameter. Each hat is then stretched, pulled and blocked with the aid of hot water until it takes the form of a regular hat with crown and brim.

If the hat is to be a soft one it has only to be placed on a block and finished with fine sandpaper, which gives it a velvety appearance. The outside band and binding and the sweat band are then added, after which the brim is curled.

Stiff hats, or derbies, are saturated with a solution of shellac before they are blocked. They are then put into an oven until they become pliable, when they are blocked with a tremendous pressure on a mold which shapes and curls them at one operation. Following which they are lined and trimmed.

A Bottle Barometer.

Fill a bottle or tube with alcohol in which you have dissolved a piece of camphor. About one cubic inch of camphor to half a glass of alcohol is the right proportion. Cork the bottle tightly and the barometer is ready for use. If the weather is to be fair the alcohol will remain clear. If the alcohol is cloudy the weather will be rainy. The higher the cloudiness rises in the bottle the rainier the weather will be. Be careful to keep the bottle tightly corked, so that the alcohol and the camphor will not evaporate.—Youth's Companion.

Juvenile Wonders.

America has produced three wonderful boy calculators. "Marvelous Griffith," as he was called, could raise a number to the sixth power in eleven seconds. Truman Safford at the age of ten could multiply one row of fifteen figures by another of eighteen in a minute or less. The third was William James Sidis, who at fourteen went to Harvard and astounded all of his instructors by his profound grasp of mathematical principles.—Boys' Life.

Evidence of Genius.

"He started life with a shoestring, and now he has \$1,000,000. Seems incredible, eh?"

"Not at all. I should consider that a man who could get anybody to buy one shoestring was inevitably bound to succeed."—Judge.

Trouble Enough.

"Telephone, sir."

"What is it?"

"Your wife wants you home at once."

"What's the trouble?"

"She has a tight gown, can't stoop, and the drip pan under the refrigerator is running over."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

When the tastes are purified the morals are not easily corrupted.—Osborne.

For any itching skin trouble, piles, eczema, salt rheum, hives, itch, scald head, herpes, scabies, Doan's Ointment is highly recommended. 50c a box at all stores.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

Don't suffer longer with RHEUMATISM

No matter how chronic or how helpless you think your case may be, you can get quick and permanent relief by taking nature's remedy, "SEVEN BARKS." Get at the root of the disease, and drive the uric acid and all other poisons out of your system for good. "SEVEN BARKS" has been doing this successfully for the past 43 years. Price 50 cents per bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor, LYMAN BROWN, 65 Murray St., New York, N. Y.

The Main Thing About FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues \$5,000 travel Policy at \$12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold, RENTS COLLECTED.

Here and There.

Fred Landia departed on Monday for Burnham where he is employed.

Frank Hall, of Tyrone, visited with home friends here over Sunday.

Mrs. William Brouse spent last Thursday with friends in Lock Haven.

Frank Bradford, of Centre Hall, greeted friends in town last Thursday.

James B. Cook visited over Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook.

Howard Gearhart, of Coatesville, spent several days recently with Bellefonte friends.

Miss Anna H. Levan, of Altoona, visited last Friday and Saturday with Mrs. H. L. Garber.

John G. Dubbs, Jr., on Monday took charge of the Bellefonte office of the Adams Express Co.

Mrs. Theodore Harper, of Unionville, visited here last Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pierson.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Crider departed today for Atlantic City, planning to be gone several weeks.

J. C. Lee, of Spring Mills, was a business visitor in Bellefonte on Wednesday evening of last week.

Miss Mary Thomas departed on Monday for Philadelphia where she is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Schaffner.

Harry Deltrick, of Pittsburg, spent last Wednesday and Thursday with his father, John Deltrick, on Logan Street.

G. W. Sherry, who had his ankle badly sprained a few weeks ago, has recovered sufficiently to be able to return to work.

Mrs. Claude Cook and daughter, Miss Grace Cook, were passengers to Philadelphia on Friday morning of last week.

Mrs. Catherine Dinges and sister, Miss Green, departed on Monday for Philadelphia, the latter proceeding to New York.

Richard McCafferty, who is employed in the Pennsylvania Railroad shops at Renovo, spent several days the past week at his home here.

Harry Alters departed on Monday for Butler. He has accepted a position as traveling salesman for the Colonial Salt Company of Akron, Ohio.

Mrs. Harry Cooper and daughter, Miss Emeline Cooper, departed on Monday for New York and Philadelphia where they will visit friends for some time.

C. T. Hennig, general manager at the Titan Metal Works, had the misfortune to fall on the ice near by the company's plant on Tuesday and fracture his ankle. The injury will incapacitate him for some time.

A. Lee Kimble, for some time past employed at the new penitentiary, has accepted a position as machinist in the Pennsylvania Railroad shops at Renovo and on Monday departed for that place to enter upon his duties.

Rev. William VanTries, of Altoona, spent last Friday in town visiting with his father, Dr. T. C. VanTries. The latter's health has improved wonderfully and he is again able to be about and greet his numerous friends.

The Study Course will begin in the High School auditorium Tuesday evening, March 14th, at 8 o'clock P. M. J. Thomas Mitchell will read a paper entitled "The Swiss Military System, and its Application to our National Defense."

Ticket Agent H. L. Hutchinson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, was in Tyrone on Tuesday attending the conference of members of boards of trade looking to the construction of the proposed Penn highway from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh.

Misses Iva and Mary Brown, of Freeburg, and Mrs. Brian Teets, of Sunbury, are visiting here with their sister, Miss Anna Brown, who was operated on recently for blood poisoning in the hand. They are guests here with Miss Marjorie McGauley.

Representative Harry B. Scott and Josiah Pritchard, of Philipsburg, were visitors in Bellefonte for a few hours on Monday morning. Their mission was not enshrouded with mystery. They were right out in the open with the statement that they were enlisting support for Mr. Scott's candidacy for renomination for the Legislature. While in town they met numerous Republicans and Mr. Scott received many assurances of support at the primaries.

Jack Montgomery and James Glenn, sons of R. B. Montgomery and George Glenn, respectively, were coasting last Saturday evening when they met with an accident that for a few minutes appeared to be quite serious but that afterward proved to be hardly worth mentioning in the judgment of these two healthy vigorous youngsters. They were coasting down the jail hill and when crossing Allegheny Street their sled crashed into Max Gamble's automobile. Both youngsters were knocked senseless and were hurried to the hospital in the Gamble car. Their parents also were rushed to the hospital, but once the youngsters had regained consciousness it soon was realized that neither had been seriously injured and the two boys were on their way home by the time most persons in town were learning that an accident had happened. In view of the speed at which their sled was moving the escape of the boys from serious injury seems almost miraculous.

Charles Brachbill was a business visitor to Philadelphia this week.

Mrs. J. Y. Dale departed on Monday for Florence, South Carolina.

Hard P. Harris entertained at dinner Tuesday night at the Country Club.

Mrs. H. M. Hiller, of Chester, is visiting here with Mrs. Margaret Wilson.

Mrs. Harry Pierson was a shopping visitor to Altoona on Wednesday of last week.

Basil Mott, of Philadelphia, visited here with his mother from Sunday until Wednesday.

Miss Annie Haines, of Clearfield, visited over Sunday with her mother on Curtin Street.

J. Clyde Seaton, of Greensburg, spent several days here recently as the guest of H. L. Garber.

Mrs. Harry Otto and children, of Johnstown, spent Sunday with home friends in town.

Miss Ethel Shoemaker, of Lock Haven visited here over the week-end with Miss Louise Brachbill.

Mrs. Charles Keichline departed on Monday for Syracuse, New York, to visit for a time with her mother.

J. Homer Decker and E. K. Woome, of WarriorsMark, were business visitors in town on Friday night, last.

Mrs. J. D. Geisinger departed last Saturday for Harrisburg where she is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Kerstetter.

The Pennsylvania work train for the Bald Eagle valley branch went to Linden Hall yesterday to install a new concrete bridge.

Robert F. Hunter was at Stormstown on Tuesday in attendance upon the funeral of an uncle, the late Captain John Hunter.

A teachers' social will be held at the home of Mrs. J. E. Ward, on Curtin street, Friday evening, March 10th. All members of the W. C. T. U. are also invited.

Bellefonte Academy defeated the St. Francis College basketball team 27 to 23 on the local floor. The Academy will play the Hollidaysburg Y. M. C. A. team, at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, on Saturday evening, next.

W. W. Hicklen, who is engaged as a telegraph operator at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was called here last week by the illness of his brother, C. K. Hicklen. The latter's condition remains about the same as for several weeks past and with little hope for improvement, a fact which occasions profound regret among a host of admiring friends.

The Jack Lynn Stock Co. will be at Garman's Opera House all of the week beginning Monday, March 13th. The repertoire includes "The Governor's Pardon", "When We Were Twenty-one", "Paid in Full", "Charley's Aunt", "Life's Shop Window", "A Homespun Heart", "The World and A Woman" and "A Wife's Secret". The opening play will be "The Gambler." Prices, matinee 10 and 20c. Nights, 10, 20 and 30c. Ladies tickets Monday night 15c.

Governor Brumbaugh on Tuesday announced the appointment of First Lieutenant H. Laird Curtin as Commander of Troop L, at Bellefonte, to succeed William H. Brown. The latter on March 2d asked to be placed on the retired list owing to the demand on his time by his official duties as Recorder of Deeds. Captain Curtin is an enthusiast in military affairs and expects to devote all time and energy possible toward the further strengthening of Troop L. In this he is confident he will have the hearty co-operation of his brother officers and members of the Troop.

Don't forget the musical entertainment to be given in the Court House on Tuesday evening, March 14th, for the benefit of the Old Home Week Association under the direction of Miss Clara Bowen Shepard, of New York. The program arranged is one that is bound to please. Participating will be Miss Marie Stoddart, Miss Cordelia Lee and Miss Mary Wilderman. Miss Lee is a noted violin virtuoso. Miss Stoddart is a gifted soprano. By those who have heard her it is said that she possesses a voice rich in sweetness and fullness. It is to be hoped that a large audience will be present at the entertainment.

An idea seems to prevail in the community that all of the money raised by the several benefits given in the name of the hospital goes for maintenance. Such is not the case, since the State appropriation is for maintenance, only. Therefore, it is necessary to raise all needed money for improvements and repairs. In the last few years the Ladies Auxiliary has spent \$2500 to equip one of the most up-to-date laundries in the State, also \$300 for repairs and refurbishing the nurses' home, and \$150 for the new walk through the hospital grounds. They are now trying to raise \$500 to build an addition to the hospital to install an X ray room and pathological laboratory required by the State if the hospital is to receive the usual appropriation. Through the generosity of Mrs. G. F. Harris the hospital will receive the equipment for the X-ray room. Mrs. Harris is giving the apparatus in honor of her husband, the late Dr. George F. Harris, who for a number of years was dean of the hospital staff. If any one interested in the hospital would like to contribute to the building fund, please send your contribution to the treasurer, Mrs. John M. Shugert.

SCHENCK CONVICTED

(Continued from first page)

drawing a juror and continuing the case at the cost of the prosecution. It was contended that the question challenged the veracity of the witness. A (former) motion to withdraw a juror was offered but was over-ruled and the case was resumed. The argument to the jury by both sides was forceful and at times eloquent. The charge by Judge Quigley was regarded by the audience as eminently fair.

Eight indictments against Squire Schenck, not tried, were on Saturday continued to the May Sessions. They cover probates alleged by the Commonwealth to have been fraudulently issued to the following persons: Two to Russell J. Schenck, one each to the following persons; Robert Conner, Daniel Strawcutter, James Briggs, H. S. Weaver, Merrill Long, Paul B. Wagner and Harvey Walker. The defendant moved for a new trial upon the rendition of the verdict of guilty and entered his bond in the sum of one thousand dollars for his appearance at May Sessions.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. J. H. Siegle, from Taylor Township, was continued on Friday afternoon to May Sessions and the defendant renewed his recognizance accordingly.

Court convened on Monday morning and after hearing some motions and petitions, the trial list was taken up.

Samuel B. Weaver vs. John W. Weaver being an action for ejectment of lands in Taylor Township. Continued, the case being in process of settlement.

Hannah J. Maule vs. Hannah J. Maule and J. W. Maule, executors of the estate of Charles E. Maule, deceased. An action on a promissory note. There being no defence a verdict was rendered in favor of the plaintiff for \$78.49.

Hannah Cowher vs. Wilson G. Prantz. An action in ejectment for lands in Worth Township. The plaintiff offered to take a voluntary non-suit which the defendant declined insisting upon a verdict. The defendant then offered testimony showing his title after which the jury rendered a verdict in favor of the defendant for the lands described in the writ.

Oscar Mitchell, of the Clearfield Bar, appeared and assisted the plaintiff in the following case.

Wilbur H. Wining vs. Wilson G. Prantz, Abenedego Laird, John Kelley and Gilbert Eller. An action in trespass. The jury was called and challenged on Monday forenoon and all other jurors called for this week's court not empaneled in the Wining case were discharged from further attendance upon court.

REPORT ON HEATING

Public Service Commission Files Statement Giving Result of Inquiry.

The Public Service Commission, at Harrisburg, yesterday made public its report on the recent investigation of steam heating conditions in Bellefonte. The report sets forth that the equipment of the local plant is large enough to furnish adequate service, but that the distributing system is at fault. "The report stated that the following order had been issued to the heating company: To maintain an average gauge pressure at the boilers for ranges of temperature of the outside air as follows:

Below 15 degrees 50 lbs
Between 15 & 32 degrees 45 lbs
Between 32 & 50 degrees 40 lbs
Between 50 and 60 degrees 15 lbs
Above 60 degrees 10 lbs

To keep an accurate record of the pressure on each and every boiler for every hour of the twenty-four, and a record of when the boilers are not in operation.

To conform to rules and regulations pertaining to heating service utilities as prescribed by the Commission.

Mrs. James Rickard, of Milesburg, visited with friends in Bellefonte on Tuesday.

The Bellefonte High School girls basketball team defeated the Williamsport High School girls team here last Saturday evening, the score being 16 to 9. The two teams play in Williamsport on Saturday evening, next.

Mrs. H. Y. Stitzer narrowly escaped being burned very seriously Wednesday afternoon at her home on High Street. She has not been well for some time and during the afternoon went into the parlor to talk with her physician. Before so doing she lighted an oil stove in the kitchen to cook some articles. In some manner, and unknown to Mrs. Stitzer, the woodwork near by the oil stove became ignited and when she returned to the kitchen it was to find the room filled with flames and smoke. Her face and one hand were burned slightly before she could step out of danger. An alarm was sounded and the blaze was soon extinguished before much damage had been done. Mrs. Stitzer was removed to the home of J. L. Runkle, a short distance away, where her injuries were attended to.

Notice.

Up until March 15th those owing me, or those having claims against me, will please call at my former place of business or at my residence and adjust same. After the above date, my accounts will be left in the hands of W. Harrison Walker, Att'y. for settlement.

C. C. SHUEY.



Another AETNA Check Came This Morning

ISN'T it fine, John! Your eighth week in bed just gone by and we've received two of these checks for \$200 each. We can buy that new dining room set now as though nothing had happened.

Every husband ought to take out an AETNA DISABILITY POLICY, John. We women are so dependent on what you men do for us—especially when we have children.

Just think—\$50 a week as long as you're sick, up to a full year. And at such a trifling cost, too. Oh, John, why will men put off these things until it's too late! We women were never meant to fight hardships that a few cents a day could save us from.

AETNA-IZE

—get the greatest insurance in the world. Protects your salary and leaves your savings snug in the bank. Call, write or phone.

John F. Gray & Son
Bellefonte - Pa.

AWNINGS

Also Tents, Horse and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.

WAGNER AWNINGS

W. L. Steele, Jr.
Bellefonte Pa.
COMMERCIAL PHONE

DRESSMAKERS' FRIEND

Bias Band and Box Plait Folder
No beating required, as you pass the band through the folder follow it with flatiron and press the band so the two edges to the folder turn under. Will stay to their places. Five different widths, from 1/2 inch to 3 inch. Made out of spring brass. No breakage. Always ready for use. Manufactured and sold by

G. S. CLEMENTS
Bellefonte, Pa. Shop Bishop Street
Price per set of 5 folders—\$1 00

Are You A Dreamer?

If so don't write. If not you can make good money demonstrating our new Gas treatment for colds, catarrh, asthma and sore throat of any kind, weak and infected lungs. Only one of its kind on the market. Gas generator lasts a lifetime, can be used by every member of the family. One year's treatment with each outfit. Get particulars, then get busy.

FOREST CHEMICAL WORKS
1401 E. 8d Street. Williamsport, Pa.

Watch Weaver's Specials!

Here are some of them

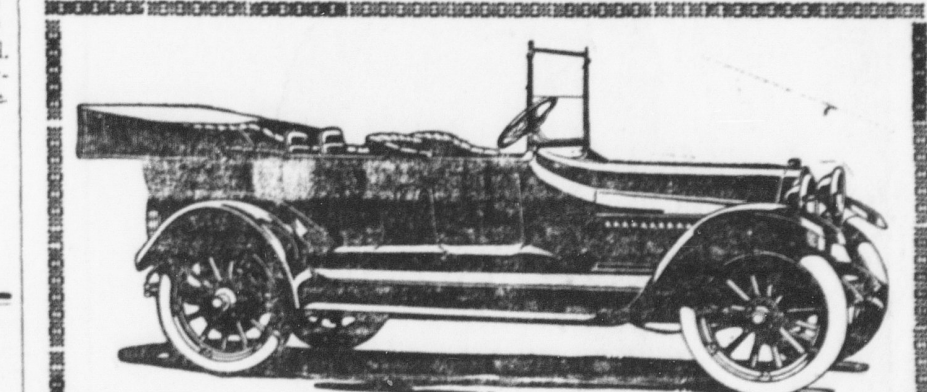
1 pound 40 cent Caban Coffee - 35c.

1 20 cent can Yellow Cling Peaches, - 15c.

3 10 cent cans Moose Ear Peas, - 25c.

This offer will interest those who are looking for BEST QUALITY

Weaver Brothers.
Grocers Successors to C. C. Shuey



NEW SERIES 17
\$875 STUDEBAKER \$875
the great value of the year

Buying a car is merely a matter of getting the biggest value, the most satisfactory car for the price you pay. Every man who owns or operates a farm knows from long experience the QUALITY that the name Studebaker insures. And the unexcelled manufacturing facilities, the GREAT financial resources, the long manufacturing experience and the largely increased volume that the remarkable popularity of the new cars has produced has made possible many refinements and a REDUCTION in price to \$875 (f. o. b. Detroit) that makes this new SERIES 17 Studebaker FOUR the great value of the year. See it before you decide on any car. Handsome catalog on request.

GEO. A. BEEZER
BELLEFONTE PENNA.

YES---the war has affected the clothing business. And---unless you are mighty careful---it will affect the price and the quality of your new Spring suit.

Here's the situation---

There is a scarcity---today---of good cloth. Many of the English mills have ceased exporting and most American manufacturers have all the war orders they can handle.

Dyes, too, have gone soaring in price.

"Well," you ask, "what am I going to do about it?"

Just this---buy an Adler-Rochester Suit this Spring, and you need have no fear as to the quality of your purchase.

Because Adler-Rochester anticipated just this situation.

They foresaw these shortages---and away back last year, they drew on their enormous resources and stocked up heavily on the kind of materials they have always been using.

And today---your Adler-Rochester Suit is as good as those you have always known. That means the best possible at the price.

You be wise this Spring. Buy an Adler-Rochester. They guarantee it to us---and we guarantee it to you. There's safety in numbers---you know.

New Spring styles are now in the store---come in and look.

Montgomery & Co.